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THE POLICY OF IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.*

My first duty is to thank this great and representative audience for having offered to me an opportunity of explaining for the first time in some detail the views which I hold upon the subject of our fiscal policy. I would desire no better platform than this. I am in a great city, the second of the Empire; the city which by the enterprise and intelligence which it has always shown is entitled to claim something of a representative character in respect of British industry. I am in that city in which Free Trade took its birth, in that city in which Adam Smith taught so long, and where he was one at any rate of my most distinguished predecessors in that great office of Lord Rector of your university which it will always be to me a great honor to have filled. Adam Smith was a great man. It was not given to him, it never has been given to mortals, to foresee all the changes that may occur in something like a century and a half, but with a broad and far-seeing intelligence which is not common among men, Adam Smith did at any rate anticipate many of our mod-

ern conditions, and when I read his books I see even then how he was aware of the importance of home markets as compared with the foreign; how he advocated retaliation under certain conditions; how he supported the Navigation Laws; how he was the author of a sentence which we ought never to forget, that "Defence is greater than opulence." When I remember also how he, entirely before his time, pressed for reciprocal trade between our Colonies and the Mother Country, I say he had a broader mind, a more Imperial conception of the duties of the citizens of a great Empire, than some of those who have taught also as professors, and who claim to be his successors. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not afraid to come here to the home of Adam Smith, and to combat free imports, and still less am I afraid to preach to you preference with our Colonies—to you in this great city whose whole prosperity has been founded upon its colonial relations—and I must not think only of the city, I must think of the country. It is known to every man that Scotland has

* An address delivered by the Right Honorable J. Chamberlain, M. P., at St. Andrew's

Hall, Glasgow, Tuesday, October 6, 1903, and since personally revised by the author.

contributed out of all proportion to its population to build up the great Empire of which we are all so proud—an Empire which took genius and capacity and courage to create—and which requires now genius and capacity and courage to maintain.

My lords and gentlemen, I do not regard this as a party meeting. I am no longer a party leader. I am an outsider, and it is not my intention—I do not think it would be right—to raise any exclusively party issues. But after what has occurred in the last few days, after the meeting at Sheffield, a word or two may be forgiven to me, who, although no longer a leader, am still a loyal servant of the party to which I belong.

I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that that party whose continued existence, whose union, whose strength, I still believe to be essential to the welfare of the country, and to the welfare of the Empire, has found a leader whom every member may be proud to follow. Mr. Balfour in his position has responsibilities which he cannot share with us, but no one will contest his right—a right to which his high office, his ability, and his character alike entitle him—to declare the official policy of the party which he leads, to fix its limits, to settle the time at which application shall be given, to the principles which he has put forward. For myself, I agree with the principles that he has stated. I approve of the policy to which he proposes to give effect, and I admire the courage and the resource with which he faces difficulties which even in our varied political history have hardly ever been surpassed. It ought not to be necessary to say any more. But it seems as though in this country there have always been men who do not know what loyalty and friendship mean, and to them I say that nothing that they can do will have the slightest influence or will af-

fect in the slightest degree the friendship and confidence which exist and have existed for so many years between the Prime Minister and myself. Let them do their worst. Their insinuations pass us by like the idle wind, and I would say to my friends, to those who support me in the great struggle on which I have entered, I would say to them also, I beg of you to give no encouragement to these mean, and libellous insinuations. Understand that in no conceivable circumstances will I allow myself to be put in any sort of competition, direct or indirect, with my friend and leader, whom I mean to follow. What is my position? I have invited a discussion upon a question which comes peculiarly within my province, owing to my past life, and owing to the office which I have so recently held. I have invited discussion upon it. I have not pretended that a matter of this importance is to be settled offhand. I have been well aware that the country has to be educated, as I myself have had to be educated before I saw, or could see, all the bearings of this great matter; and therefore I take up the position of a pioneer. I go in front of the army, and if the army is attacked I go back to it.

Meanwhile, putting aside all these personal and party questions, I ask my countrymen, without regard to any political opinions which they may have hitherto held, to consider the greatest of all great questions that can be put before the country; to consider it impartially if possible, and to come to a decision—and it is possible—I am always an optimist—it is possible that the nation may be prepared to go a little further than the official programme. I have known them to do it before, and no harm has come to the party; no harm that I know has come to those who as scouts, or pioneers, or investigators, or discov-

erers have gone a little before it. Well, one of my objects in coming here is to find an answer to this question. Is the country prepared to go a little further? I suppose that there are differences in Scotland, differences in Glasgow, as there are certainly in the southern country, and those differences, I hope, are mainly differences as to methods.

For I cannot conceive that, so far as regards the majority of the country at any rate, there can be any differences as to our objects. What are our objects? They are two. In the first place, we all desire the maintenance and increase of the national strength and prosperity of the United Kingdom. That may be a selfish desire; but in my mind it carries with it something more than mere selfishness. You cannot expect foreigners to take the same views as we of our position and duty. To my mind Britain has played a great part in the past in the history of the world, and for that reason I wish Britain to continue. Then, in the second place, our object is, or should be, the realization of the greatest ideal which has ever inspired statesmen in any country or in any age—the creation of an Empire such as the world has never seen. We have to cement the union of the States beyond the seas; we have to consolidate the British race; we have to meet the clash of competition, commercial now—sometimes in the past it has been otherwise—it may be again in the future. Whatever it be, whatever danger threatens, we have to meet it no longer as an isolated country; we have to meet it fortified and strengthened, and buttressed by all those of our kinsmen, all those powerful and continually rising States which speak our common tongue and glory in our common flag.

Those are two great objects, and as I have said we all should have them in view. How are we to attain them? In

the first place, let me say one word as to the method in which this discussion is to be carried on. Surely it should be treated in a manner worthy of its magnitude, worthy of the dignity of the theme. For my part I disclaim any imputation of evil motive and unworthy motive on the part of those who may happen to disagree with me; and I claim equal consideration from them. I claim that this matter should be treated on its merits—without personal feeling, personal bitterness, and, if possible, without entering upon questions of purely party controversy, and I do that for the reason I have given; but also because, if you are to make a change in a system which has existed for sixty years, which affects more or less every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, you can only make that change successfully if you have behind you not merely a party support—if you do not attempt to force it by a small majority on a large and unwilling minority, but if it becomes, as I believe it will become, a national policy in consonance with the feelings, the aspirations, and the interests of the overwhelming proportion of the country.

I was speaking just now of the characteristics of Glasgow as a great city; I am not certain whether I mentioned that I believe it is one of the most prosperous of cities, that it has had a great and continuous prosperity; and if that be so, here, more than anywhere else, I have got to answer the question, Why cannot you let well alone? Well, I have been in Venice—the beautiful city of the Adriatic, which had at one time a commercial supremacy quite as great in proportion as anything we have ever enjoyed. Its great glories have departed; but what I was going to say was that when I was there last I saw the great tower of the Campanile rising above the city which it had overshadowed for centuries, and looking as

though it was as permanent as the city itself. And yet the other day, in a few minutes, the whole structure fell to the ground. Nothing was left of it but a mass of ruin and rubbish. I do not say to you, gentlemen, that I anticipate any catastrophe so great or so sudden for British trade; but I do say to you that I see signs of decay; that I see cracks and crevices in the walls of the great structure; that I know that the foundations upon which it has been raised are not broad enough or deep enough to sustain it. Now, do I do wrong, if I know this—if I even think I know it—do I do wrong to warn you? Is it not a most strange and inconsistent thing that while certain people are indicting the Government in language which, to say the least of it, is extravagant, for not having been prepared for the great war from which we have recently emerged with success—is it not strange that these same people should be denouncing me in language equally extravagant because I want to prepare you now while there is time for a struggle greater in its consequences than that to which I have referred—a struggle from which, if we emerge defeated, this country will lose its place, will no longer count among the great nations of the world—a struggle which we are asked to meet with antiquated weapons and with old-fashioned tactics?

I tell you that it is not well to-day with British industry. We have been going through a period of great expansion. The whole world has been prosperous. I see signs of a change, but let that pass. When the change comes I think even the Free Foothers will be converted. But meanwhile what are the facts? The year 1900 was the rec-

ord year of British trade. The exports were the largest we had ever known. The year 1902—last year—was nearly as good, and yet, if you will compare your trade in 1872, thirty years ago, with the trade of 1902—the export trade—you will find that there has been a moderate increase of twenty-two millions.¹ That, I think, is something like seven and a half per cent. Meanwhile the population has increased thirty per cent. Can you go on supporting your population at that rate of increase, when even in the best of years you can only show so much smaller an increase in your foreign trade? The actual increase was twenty-two millions under our Free Trade. In the same time the increase in the United States of America was 110 millions, and the increase in Germany was fifty-six millions. In the United Kingdom our export trade has been practically stagnant for thirty years. It went down in the interval. It has now gone up in the most prosperous times. In the most prosperous times it is hardly better than it was thirty years ago.

Meanwhile the protected countries which you have been told, and which I myself at one time believed, were going rapidly to wreck and ruin, have progressed in a much greater proportion than ours. That is not all; not merely the amount of your trade remained stagnant, but the character of your trade has changed. When Mr. Cobden preached his doctrine, he believed, as he had at that time considerable reason to suppose, that while foreign countries would supply us with our food-stuffs and raw materials, we should remain the mart of the world, and should send them in exchange our manufactures. But that is exactly what we have not done. On the contrary, in the period to which I have referred, we are sending less and less of our manufactures to them, and they

¹ The figures given in the recent Board of Trade Blue Book are as follows:

1872. Total Exports of British Produce, 256 millions.
1902. Total Exports of British Produce 278 millions.

are sending more and more of their manufactures to us.

Now I know how difficult it is for a great meeting like this to follow figures. I shall give you as few as I can, but I must give you some to lay the basis of my argument. I have had a table constructed, and upon that table I would be willing to base the whole of my contention. I will take some figures from it. You have got to analyze your trade. It is not merely a question of amount; you have got to consider of what it is composed. Now what has been the case with regard to our manufactures? Our existence as a nation depends upon our manufacturing capacity and production. We are not essentially or mainly an agricultural country. That can never be the main source of our prosperity. We are a great manufacturing country. Now, in 1872 we sent to the protected countries of Europe and to the United States of America, £116,000,000 of exported manufactures. In 1882, ten years later, it fell to £88,000,000. In 1892, ten years later, it fell to £75,000,000. In 1902, last year, although the general exports had increased, the exports of manufactures to these countries had decreased again to £73,500,000, and the total result of this is that after thirty years you are sending £42,500,000 of manufactures less to the great protected countries than you did thirty years ago. Then there are the neutral countries, that is, the countries which, although they may have tariffs, have no manufactures, and therefore the tariffs are not protective—such countries as Egypt and China, and South America, and similar places. Our exports of manufactures have not fallen into these markets to any considerable extent. They have practically remained the same, but on the whole they have fallen £3,500,000. Adding that to the loss in the protected countries, and you have lost altogether

in your exports of manufactures £46,000,000.

How is it that that has not impressed the people before now? Because the change has been concealed by our statistics. I do not say they have not shown it, because you could have picked it out, but they are not put in a form which is understood of the people. You have failed to observe that the maintenance of your trade is dependent entirely on British possessions. While to these foreign countries your export of manufactures has declined by £46,000,000, to your British possessions it has increased £40,000,000, and at the present time your trade with the Colonies and British possessions is larger in amount, very much larger in amount, and very much more valuable in the categories I have named, than our trade with the whole of Europe and the United States of America. It is much larger than our trade to those neutral countries of which I have spoken, and it remains at the present day the most rapidly increasing, the most important, the most valuable of the whole of our trade. One more comparison. During this period of thirty years in which our exports of manufactures have fallen 46 millions to foreign countries, what has happened as regards their exports of manufactures to us? They have risen from 63 millions in 1872 to 149 millions in 1902. They have increased 86 millions. That may be all right. I am not for the moment saying whether that is right or wrong, but when people say that we ought to hold exactly the same opinion about things that our ancestors did, my reply is that I dare-say we should do so if circumstances had remained the same.

But now, if I have been able to make these figures clear, there is one thing which follows—that is, that our Imperial trade is absolutely essential to our prosperity at the present time.

If that trade declines, or if it does not increase in proportion to our population and to the loss of trade with foreign countries, then we sink at once into a fifth-rate nation. Our fate will be the fate of the empires and kingdoms of the past. We shall have reached our highest point, and indeed I am not certain that there are some of my opponents who do not regard that with absolute complacency. I do not. As I have said, I have the misfortune to be an optimist. I do not believe in the setting of the British star, but, then, I do not believe in the folly of the British people. I trust them. I trust the working classes of this country, and I have confidence that they who are our masters, electorally speaking, will have the intelligence to see that they must wake up. They must modify their policy to suit new conditions. They must meet those conditions with altogether a new policy.

I have said that if our Imperial trade declines we decline. My second point is this. It will decline inevitably unless while there is still time we take the necessary steps to preserve it. Have you ever considered why it is that Canada takes so much more of the products of British manufacturers than the United States of America does per head? When you answer that I have another conundrum. Why does Australia take about three times as much per head as Canada? And to wind up, why does South Africa—the white population of South Africa—take more per head than Australasia? When you have got to the bottom of that—and it is not difficult—you will see the whole argument. These countries are all protective countries. I see that the Labor leaders, or some of them, in this country are saying that the interest of the working class is to maintain our present system of free imports. The moment those men go to the Colonies

they change. I will undertake to say that no one of them has ever been there for six months without singing a different tune. The vast majority of the working men in all the Colonies are Protectionists, and I am not inclined to accept the easy explanation that they are all fools. I do not understand why an intelligent man—a man who is intelligent in this country—becomes an idiot when he goes to Australasia. But I will tell you what he does do. He gets rid of a good number of old-world prejudices and superstitions. I say they are Protectionist, all these countries. Now, what is the history of Protection? In the first place a tariff is imposed. There are no industries, or practically none, but only a tariff; then gradually industries grow up behind the tariff wall. In the first place they are primary industries, the industries for which the country has natural aptitude or for which it has some special advantage—mineral or other resources. Then when those are established the secondary industries spring up, first the necessities, then the luxuries, until at last all the ground is covered. These countries of which I have been speaking to you are in different stages of the protective process. In America the process has been completed. She produces everything, she excludes everything. There is no trade to be done with her beyond a paltry six shillings per head. Canada has been protective for a long time. The protective policy has produced its natural result. The principal industries are there, and you can never get rid of them. They will be there for ever, but up to the present time the secondary industries have not been created, and there is an immense deal of trade that is still open to you, that you may still retain, that you may increase. In Australasia the industrial position is still less advanced. The agricultural products of the country have been first

of all developed. Accordingly Australasia takes more from you per head than Canada. In South Africa there are, practically speaking, no industries at all. Now, I ask you to suppose that we intervene in any stage of the process. We can do it now. We might have done it with greater effect ten years ago. Whether we can do it with any effect or at all twenty years hence I am very doubtful. We can intervene now. We can say to our great Colonies: "We understand your views and conditions. We do not attempt to dictate to you. We do not think ourselves superior to you. We have taken the trouble to learn your objections, to appreciate and sympathize with your policy. We know you are right in saying you will not always be content to be what the Americans call a one-horse country, with a single industry and no diversity of employment. We can see that you are right not to neglect what Providence has given you in the shape of mineral or other resources. We understand and we appreciate the wisdom of your statesmen when they say they will not allow their country to be solely dependent on foreign supplies for the necessities of life. We understand all that, and therefore we will not propose to you anything that is unreasonable or contrary to this policy, which we know is deep in your hearts; but we will say to you after all there are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production—leave them to us as you have left them hitherto. Don't increase your tariff walls against us. Pull them down where they are unnecessary to the success of this policy to which you are committed. Do that because we are kinsmen—without injury to any important interest, because it is good for the Empire as a whole, and because we have taken the first step and have set you the example.

We offer you a preference; we rely on your patriotism, your affection, that we shall not be the losers thereby."

Now, suppose that we had made an offer of that kind—I won't say to the Colonies, but to Germany, to the United States of America—ten or twenty years ago. Do you suppose that we should not have been able to retain a great deal of what we have now lost and cannot recover?

I will give you an illustration. America is the strictest of protective nations. It has a tariff which to me is an abomination. It is so immoderate, so unreasonable, so unnecessary, that, though America has profited enormously under it, yet I think it has been carried to excessive lengths, and I believe now that a great number of intelligent Americans would gladly negotiate with us for its reduction. But until very recent times, even this immoderate tariff left to us a great trade. It left to us the tin-plate trade, and the American tin-plate trade amounted to millions per annum, and gave employment to thousands of British workpeople. If we had gone to America ten or twenty years ago and had said, "If you will leave the tin-plate trade as it is, put no duty on tin-plate—you have never had to complain either of our quality or our price—we in return will give you some advantage on some articles which you produce," we might have kept the tin-plate trade. It would not have been worth America's while to put a duty on an article for which it had no particular or special aptitude or capacity. If we had gone to Germany, in the same sense there are hundreds of article which are now made in Germany which are sent to this country, which are taking the place of goods employing British labor, which they might have left to us in return for our concessions to them.

We did not take that course. We were not prepared for it as a people.

We allowed matters to drift. Are we going to let them drift now? Are we going to lose the Colonial trade? This is the parting of the ways. You have to remember that if you do not take this opportunity it will not recur. If you do not take it I predict, and I predict with certainty, that Canada will fall to the level of the United States, that Australia will fall to the level of Canada, that South Africa will fall to the level of Australia, and that will only be the beginning of the general decline which will deprive you of your most important customers, of your most rapidly increasing trade. I think I have some reason to speak with authority on this subject. The Colonies are prepared to meet us. In return for a very moderate preference they will give us a substantial advantage.

They will give us in the first place, I believe they will reserve to us, much at any rate of the trade which we already enjoy. They will not—and I would not urge them for a moment to do so—they will not injure those of their industries which have already been created. They will maintain them, they will not allow them to be destroyed or injured even by our competition, but outside that there is still a great margin, a margin which has given us this enormous increase of trade to which I have referred. That margin I believe we can permanently retain—and I ask you to think, if that is of so much importance to us now, when we have only eleven millions of white fellow citizens in these distant colonies, what will it be when in the course of a period which is a mere moment of time in the history of States, what will it be when that population is forty millions or more? Is it not worth while to consider whether the actual trade which you may retain, whether the enormous potential trade which you and your descendants may enjoy,

be not worth a sacrifice, if sacrifice be required. But they will do a great deal more for you. This is certain. Not only will they enable you to retain the trade which you have, but they are ready to give you preference on all the trade which is now done with them by foreign competitors. I never see any appreciation by the free importers of the magnitude of this trade. It will increase. It has increased greatly in thirty years, and if it goes on with equally rapid strides we shall be ousted by foreign competition, if not by protective tariffs, from our colonies. It amounts at the present time to forty-seven millions. But it is said that a great part of that forty-seven millions is in goods which we cannot supply. That is true, and with regard to that portion of the trade we have no interest in any preferential tariff, but it has been calculated, and I believe it to be accurate, that twenty-six millions a year of that trade might come to this country which now goes to Germany and France and other foreign countries, if reasonable preference were given to British manufactures. What does that mean? The Board of Trade assumes that of manufactured goods one half the value is expended in labor—I think it is a great deal more, but take the Board of Trade figures—thirteen millions a year of new employment. What does that mean to the United Kingdom? It means the employment of 166,000 men at 30s. a week. It means the subsistence, if you include their families, of 830,000 persons; and now, if you will only add to that our present export to the British possessions of ninety-six millions, you will find that that gives on the same calculation forty-six millions for wages or employment at 30s. a week to 615,000 workpeople, and it finds subsistence for 3,075,000 persons. In other words, your colonial trade as it stands at present with the prospective ad-

vantage of a preference against the foreigner means employment and fair wages for three-quarters of a million of workmen, and subsistence for nearly four millions of our population.

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel deeply sensible that the argument I have addressed to you is one of those which will be described by the Leader of the Opposition as a squalid argument. A squalid argument! I have appealed to your interests, I have come here as a man of business, I have appealed to the employers and the employed alike in this great city. I have endeavored to point out to them that their trade, their wages, all depend on the maintenance of this Colonial trade, of which some of my opponents speak with such contempt, and, above all, with such egregious ignorance. But now I abandon that line of argument for the moment, and appeal to something higher, which I believe is in your hearts as it is in mine. I appeal to you as fellow citizens of the greatest Empire that the world has ever known; I appeal to you to recognize that the privileges of Empire bring with them great responsibilities. I want to ask you to think what this Empire means, what it is to you and your descendants. I will not speak, or, at least, I will not dwell, on its area, greater than that which has been under one dominion in the history of the world. I will not speak of its population, of the hundreds of millions of men for whom we have made ourselves responsible. But I will speak of its variety, and of the fact that here we have an Empire which with decent organization and consolidation might be absolutely self-sustaining. Nothing of the kind has ever been known before. There is no article of your food, there is no raw material of your trade, there is no necessity of your lives, no luxury of your existence, which cannot be produced somewhere or another in the

British Empire, if the British Empire holds together, and if we who have inherited it are worthy of our opportunities.

There is another product of the British Empire, that is, men. You have not forgotten the advantage, the encouragement, which can be given by the existence of loyal men, inhabitants, indeed, of distant States, but still loyal to the common flag. It is not so long since these men, when the old country was in straits, rushed to her assistance. No persuasion was necessary; it was a voluntary movement. That was not a squalid assistance. They had no special interest. They were interested, indeed, as sons of the Empire. If they had been separate States they would have had no interest at all. They came to our assistance, and proved themselves indeed men of the old stock; they proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of the British Army, and gave us an assistance, a material assistance, which was invaluable. They gave us moral support which was even more grateful. That is the result of Empire. I should be wrong if, in referring to our white fellow subjects, I did not also say, that in addition to them, if any straits befall us, there are millions and hundreds of millions of men born in tropical climes, and of races very different from ours, who, although they were prevented by political considerations from taking part in our recent struggle, would be, in any death-throe of the Empire, equally eager to show their loyalty and their devotion. Now, is such a dominion, are such traditions, is such a glorious inheritance, is such a splendid sentiment—are they worth preserving? Aye, they have cost much. They have cost us much in blood and treasure; and in past times, as in recent, many of our best and noblest have given their lives, or risked their lives, for this great ideal.

But it has done much for us. It has ennobled our national life, it has discouraged that petty parochialism which is the defect of all small communities. I say to you that all that is best in our present life, best in this Britain of ours, all of which we have the right to be most proud, is due to the fact that we are not only sons of Britain, but we are sons of Empire. I do not think, I am not likely to do you the injustice to believe, you would make this sacrifice fruitless, that you would make all this endeavor vain. But if you want to complete it, remember that each generation in turn has to do its part, and you are called to take your share in that great work. Others have founded the Empire; it is yours to build firmly and permanently the great edifice of which others have laid the foundation. And I believe we have got to change somewhat our rather insular habits. When I have been in the Colonies I have told them that they are too provincial, but I think we are too provincial also. We think too much of ourselves, and we forget—and it is necessary we should remember—that we are only part of a larger whole. And when I speak of our Colonies, it is an expression; they are not ours—they are not ours in a possessory sense. They are sister States, able to treat with us from an equal position, able to hold to us, willing to hold to us, but also able to break with us. I have had eight years' experience. I have been in communication with many of the men, statesmen, orators, writers, distinguished in our Colonies. I have had intimate conversation with them. I have tried to understand them, and I think I do understand them, and I say that none of them desire separation. There are none of them who are not loyal to this idea of Empire which they say they wish us to accept more fully in the future, but I have found none who do not believe that our

present colonial relations cannot be permanent. We must either draw closer together or we shall drift apart.

When I made that statement with all responsibility some time ago there were people, political opponents, who said: "See, here is the result of having a Colonial Secretary. Eight years ago the Colonies were devoted to the Mother Country. Everything was for the best. Preferences were not thought of. There were no squalid bonds. The Colonies were ready to do everything for us. They were not such fools as to think we should do anything for them, but when that happy state of things existed the Colonial Secretary came into office. Now it has all disappeared. We are told if we do not alter our policy we may lose our Empire." It is a fancy picture, but I will not rest my case upon my own opinion. It is not I who have said this alone; others have said it before me. We have a statesman here in Scotland whose instincts are always right, but whose actions unfortunately often lag behind his instincts. What did he say many years before I came into office, in 1888? Lord Rosebery was speaking at Leeds and he said this: "The people in this country will in a not too distant time have to make up their minds what position they wish their Colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire their Colonies to leave them altogether. It is, as I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations and preserve these Colonies as parts of the Empire. . . . I do not see that you can obtain the great boon of a peaceful Empire encircling the globe with a bond of commercial unity and peace without some sacrifice on your part." Well, we have to consider, of course, what is the sacrifice we are called upon to make. I do not believe—no, let me first say if there be a

sacrifice, if that can be shown, I will go confidently to my countrymen, I will tell them what it is, and I will ask them to make it. Nowadays a great deal too much attention is paid to what is called the sacrifice; no attention is given to what is the gain. But, although I would not hesitate to ask you for a sacrifice if a sacrifice were needed to keep together the Empire to which I attach so much importance, I do not believe that there would be any sacrifice at all. This is an arrangement between friends. This is a negotiation between kinsmen. Can you not conceive the possibility that both sides may gain and neither lose? Twelve years ago another great man—Mr. Cecil Rhodes—with one of those flashes of insight and genius which made him greater than ordinary men, took advantage of his position as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony to write letters, which have recently been published, to the then Prime Minister of Canada and the Prime Minister of New South Wales. He said in one of these letters: "The whole thing lies in the question—can we invent some tie with our Mother Country that will prevent separation? It must be a practical one. The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future."

Well, I ask the same question. Can we invent a tie which must be a practical one, which will prevent separation, and I make the same answer as Mr. Rhodes, who suggested reciprocal preference, and I say that it is only by commercial union, reciprocal preference, that you can lay the foundations of a confederation of the Empire to which we all look forward as a brilliant possibility. Now I have told you what you are to gain by preference. You will gain the retention and the increase of your customers. You will gain work for the enormous number of those who are now unemployed; you will pave the way for a firmer and

more enduring union of the Empire. What will it cost you? What do the Colonies ask. They ask a preference on their particular products. You cannot give them, at least it would be futile to offer them, a preference on manufactured goods, because at the present time the exported manufacture of the Colonies is entirely insignificant. You cannot, in my opinion, give them a preference on raw material. It has been said that I should propose such a tax; but I repeat now, in the most explicit terms, that I do not propose a tax on raw materials, which are a necessity of our manufacturing trade. What remains? Food.

Therefore, if you wish to have preference, if you desire to gain this increase, if you wish to prevent separation, you must put a tax on food. The murder is out. I said that in the House of Commons, but I said a good deal more, but that is the only thing of all that I said that my opponents have thought it particularly interesting to quote, and you see that on every wall, in the headlines of the leaflets of the Cobden Club, in the speeches of the devotees of free imports, in the arguments of those who dread the responsibilities of Empire, but do not seem to care much about the possibility of its dissolution—all these, then, put in the forefront that Mr. Chamberlain says "you must tax truth." (Laughter). "You must tax food." There is no need to tax truth, for that is scarce enough already. I was going to say that this statement which they quote is true. But it is only half the truth, and they never give you the other half. You never see attached to this statement that you must tax food the other words that I have used in reference to this subject, that nothing that I propose would add one farthing to the cost of living to the working man, or to any family in this country. How is that to be achieved? I

have been asked for a plan. I have hesitated, because as you will readily see no final plan can be proposed until a Government is authorized by the people to enter into negotiations upon these principles. Until that Government has had the opportunity of negotiating with the Colonies, with foreign countries, and with the heads, and experts in all our great industries, any plan must be at the present time more or less of a sketch-plan.

A SKETCH-PLAN.

But at the same time I recognize that you have a right to call upon me for the broad outlines of my plan, and those I will give you if you will bear with me. You have heard it said that I propose to put a duty of 5s. or 10s. a quarter on wheat. That is untrue. I propose to put a low duty on foreign corn, no duty at all on the corn coming from our British possessions. But I propose to put a low duty on foreign corn not exceeding 2s. a quarter. I propose to put no tax whatever on maize, partly because maize is a food of some of the very poorest of the population, and partly also because it is a raw material for the farmers, who feed their stock with it. I propose that the corresponding tax which will have to be put on flour should give a substantial preference to the miller, and I do that in order to re-establish one of our most ancient industries in this country, believing that if that is done not only will more work be found in agricultural districts, with some tendency, perhaps, operating against the constant migration from the country into the towns, and also because by re-establishing the milling industry in this country the offals, as they are called—the refuse of the wheat—will remain in the country and will give to the farmer's or the agricultural population a food for their stock and their pigs

at very much lower rates. That will benefit not merely the great farmer, but it will benefit the little man, the small owner of a plot or even the allotment owner who keeps a single pig. I am told by a high agricultural authority that if this were done so great an effect would be produced upon the price of the food of the animal that where an agricultural laborer keeps one pig now he might keep two in the future. I propose to put a small tax of about 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce. I propose to exclude bacon because once more bacon is a popular food with some of the poorest of the population. It forms a staple of food for many of the poorest of the population. And, lastly, I propose to give a substantial preference to our Colonies upon colonial wines and perhaps upon colonial fruits. Well, those are the taxes, new taxes, or alterations of taxation which I propose as additions to your present burden.

But I propose also some great remissions. I propose to take off three-fourths of the duty on tea, and half of the whole duty on sugar, with a corresponding reduction on cocoa and coffee. Now, what will be the result of these changes, in the first place upon the cost of living; in the second place upon the Treasury? As regards the cost of living, I have accepted, for the purpose of argument, the figures of the Board of Trade as to the consumption of an ordinary workman's family, both in the country districts and in the towns, and I find that if he pays the whole of the new duties that I propose to impose it would cost an agricultural laborer 16½ farthings per week more than at present, and the artisan in the town 19½ farthings per week. In other words, it would add about 4d. per week to the expenditure of the agricultural laborer and 5d. per week on the expenditure of the artisan. But, then, the reduction which I propose, again

taking the consumption as it is declared by the Board of Trade, the reduction would be, in the case of the agricultural laborer 17 farthings a week; in the case of the artisan 19½ farthings a week.

Now, gentlemen, you will see, if you have followed me, that upon the assumption that you pay the whole of the new taxes yourselves the agricultural laborer would be half a farthing per week to the better, and the artisan would be exactly the same. I have made this assumption, but I do not believe in it. I do not believe that these small taxes upon food would be paid to any large extent by the consumers in this country. I believe, on the contrary, they would be paid by the foreigner.

Now, that doctrine can be supported by authoritative evidence. In the first place, look at the economists—I am not speaking of the fourteen professors—but take John Stuart Mill, take the late Professor Sidgwick, and I could quote others now living. They all agree that of any tax upon imports, especially if the tax be moderate, a portion, at any rate, is paid by the foreigner, and that is confirmed by experience. I have gone carefully during the last few weeks into the statistical tables not only of the United Kingdom, but of other countries, and I find that neither in Germany, nor in France, nor in Italy, nor in Sweden, nor in the United Kingdom, when there has been the imposition of a new duty or an increase of an old duty has the whole cost over a fair average of years ever fallen upon the consumer. It has always partly been paid by the foreigner. Well, how much is paid by the foreigner? That, of course, must be a matter of speculation, and there, again, I have gone to one of the highest authorities of this country—one of the highest of the official experts whom the Government consult—and I have

asked him for his opinion, and in his opinion the incidence of a tax depends upon the proportion between the free production and the taxed production. In this case the free production is the home production and the production of the British Colonies. The taxed production is the production of the foreigner, and this gentleman is of opinion that, if, for instance, the foreigner supplies, as he does in the case of meat, two-ninths of the production, the consumer only pays two-ninths of the tax. If he supplies, as he does in the case of corn, something like three-fourths of the consumption, then the consumer pays three-fourths of the tax. If, as in dairy produce, he supplies half of the production, then the consumer pays half of the tax. Well, as I say, that is a theory like any other that will be contested, but I believe it to be accurate, and at all events as a matter of curiosity I have worked out this question of the cost of living upon that assumption, and I find that, if you take that proportion then the cost of the new duties would be 9½ farthings to the agricultural laborer and ten farthings to the artisan, while the reduction would still be 17 farthings to the laborer and 19½ farthings to the artisan. There, gentlemen, you see my point. If I give my opponents the utmost advantage, if I say to them what I do not believe, if I grant that the whole tax is paid by the consumer, even in that case my proposal would give as large a remission on the necessary articles of his life as it imposes. As a result of the advantage upon other necessary articles the budget at the end of the week or the result at the end of the year will be practically the same even if he pays the whole duty. But if he does not pay the whole duty, then he will get all the advantages to which I have already referred. In the case of the agricultural laborer he will gain about

2d. a week, and in the case of the town artisan he will gain 2½d. a week.

I feel how difficult it is to make either interesting or intelligible to a great audience like this the complicated subject with which I have to deal. But this is my opening declaration, and I feel that I ought to leave nothing untold; at all events, to lay the whole of the outlines of my scheme before the country.

Now, the next point, the last point I have to bring before you, is that these advantages to the consumer will involve a loss to the Exchequer. And you will see why. The Exchequer when it reduces tea or sugar loses the amount of the tax on the whole consumption, but when it imposes a tax on corn or upon meat it only gains a duty on a part of the consumption, since it does not collect it either upon the colonial or upon the home production. Well, I have had that worked out for me, also by an expert, and I find, even making allowance for growth in the colonial and home production which would be likely to be the result of the stimulus which we give to them—and after making allowances for those articles which I do not propose to tax—the loss to the Exchequer will be £2,800,000 per annum. How is it to be made up? I propose to find it and to find more—in the other branch of this policy of fiscal reform, in that part of it which is sometimes called retaliation and sometimes reciprocity. Now I cannot deal fully with that subject to-night. I shall have other opportunities, but this I will point out to you, that in attempting to secure reciprocity we cannot hope to be wholly successful. Nobody, I imagine, is sanguine enough to believe that America or Germany and France and Italy and all those countries are going to drop the whole of their protective scheme because we ask them to do so, or even because we threaten.

What I do hope is that they will reduce their duties so that worse things may not happen to them. But I think we shall also have to raise ours. Now a moderate duty on all manufactured goods, not exceeding 10 per cent. on the average, but varying according to the amount of labor in these goods—that is to say, putting the higher rate on the finished manufactures upon which most labor would be employed—a duty, I say, averaging 10 per cent. would give the Exchequer at the very least nine millions a year, while it might be nearer fifteen millions if we accept the Board of Trade estimate of £148,000,000 as the value of our imports of manufactured and partly manufactured goods. Nine millions a year—well, I have an idea that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer would know what to do with a full purse. For myself, if I were in that onerous position—which may Heaven forfend—I should use it in the first place to make up this deficit of £2,800,000 of which I have spoken; and, in the second place, I should use it for the further reduction both of taxes on food and also of some other taxes which press most hardly on different classes of the community. Remember this, a new tax cannot be lost if it comes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He cannot bury it in a stocking. He must do something with it, and the best thing he can do with it is to remit other taxation; and now the principle of all this policy is that whereas your present taxation, whether it be on food or anything else, brings you revenue, and nothing but revenue, the taxation which I propose, which will not increase your burdens, will gain for you in trade, in employment, in all that we most want to maintain, the prosperity of our industries. The one is profitless taxation, the other scientific taxation.

I have stated, then, the broad outline of the plan which I propose. As

I have said, this can only be filled up when a mandate has been given to the Government, when they have the opportunity which they desire to negotiate and discuss. It may be that when we have these taxes, and if we were prepared to put on such a tax on manufactured goods, we might be willing to remit or reduce it if we could get corresponding advantages from the country whose products would thus be taxed. It cannot, therefore, be precisely stated now what it would bring in or what we should do, but this is clear that, whatever happened, we should get something for it. We should either get something in the shape of a reduction of other taxation or something in the shape of a reduction of those prohibitive tariffs which now hamper so immensely our native industries. There will be, according to this plan, as I have said, no addition to the cost of living, but only a transfer of taxation from one item to another.

It remains to ask what will the Colonies say? I hear it said sometimes by people who I think have never visited the Colonies and do not know much about them, that they will receive this offer with contempt, that they will spurn it, or that if they accept it they will give nothing in return. Well, I differ from these critics. I do not do this injustice to the patriotism or the good sense of the Colonies. When the Prime Ministers, representing all the several States of the Empire, were here, this was the matter of most interesting discussion. Then it was that they pressed upon the Government the consideration of this question. They did not press—it is wrong, it is wicked, to say that they pressed it in any spirit of selfishness, with any idea of exclusive benefit to themselves. No; they had Mr. Rhodes's ideal in their minds. They asked for it as a tie, a practical tie, which should prevent separation, and I do not

believe that they will treat ungenerously any offer that we may now be able to make to them. They had not waited for an offer. Already Canada has given you a preference of 33 1/3 per cent., South Africa has given you a preference of 25 per cent., New Zealand has offered a preference of 10 per cent. The Premier of Australia has promised to bring before Parliament a similar proposal. They have done all this in confidence, in faith which I am certain will not be disappointed—in faith that you will not be ungrateful, that you will not be unmindful of the influences which have weighed with them, that you will share their loyalty and devotion to an Empire which is theirs as well as ours, and which they have also done something to maintain.

And, ladies and gentlemen, it is because I sympathize with their object, it is because I appreciate the wisdom, aye, the generosity of their offer, it is because I see that things are moving and that an opportunity now in your hands once lost will never recur; it is because I believe that this policy will consolidate the Empire—the Empire which I believe to be the security for peace and for the maintenance of our great British traditions—it is for all these things, and, believe me, for no personal ambition, that I have given up the office which I was so proud to hold, and that now, when I might, I think, fairly claim a period of rest, I have taken up new burdens, and I come before you as a missionary of Empire, to urge upon you again, as I did in the old times, when I protested against the disruption of the United Kingdom, once again to warn you, to urge you, to implore you to do nothing that will tend towards the disintegration of the Empire, not to refuse to sacrifice a futile superstition, an inept prejudice, and thereby to lose the results of centuries of noble effort and patriotic endeavor.

A HOUSE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

HERTS. Elizabethan farm-house to be let; capable of improvement; stands alone with extensive view; interesting associations; four miles from station, G. N. R.; suitable for artist or literary man; moderate rent. Apply &c.

The advertisement was captivating. What could be more congenial to a misanthrope of the twentieth century than to find himself actually four miles from a railway station, and to a lover of letters than to find himself in the Hertfordshire of Izaak Walton and Charles Lamb, and that, too, in an Elizabethan house "with associations"? The modern solecism of "to be let" instead of "to let" gave us a moment's pause, as suggesting that the writer of the notice was perhaps less in touch with literature than his quotation from Dr. Johnson about the view pretended; but our imagination had been fired and we took bicycle and went to see for ourselves. The house proved to be even more captivating than the advertisement; and, to make a short story, we were captured. What we found was an E-shaped Tudor building of rosy brick standing in a forecourt with a low wall of the same auroral color; its long square-headed windows, with their stone mullions, being filled, as was right, with leaded diamond-shaped panes. The house was only one room deep, so that it reminded us of Spenser's "House of Pride"; but the staircase was immense, giving an effect of spaciousness beyond the fact, and such rooms as there were were large, and, what is more, lofty. The "associations" we found to be with the great Queen herself, who is locally reported to have hidden in one of the attics; on what occasion we could not ascertain. It must have been when she

was playing hide-and-seek on some visit as a little girl to the B.'s, whose manor-house it was; for there was no room that could ever have been missed in a search. But the phrase of the advertisement that had most taken our fancy was "capable of improvement." Englishmen are born with a passion for improving something; it is well known that if their instincts in this sort do not get enough exercise in the Legislature or some lesser council, or in their own business, or gardens, they will take to improving each other, often with disastrous consequences.

Our talents here were promised abundant scope. The garden was a wilderness of weeds, in which no esculent vegetables were recognizable except a gaunt cabbage and a few currant bushes; the farmyard would tax all our invention to convert into whatever form of goodliness seemed possible—rose-garden or bowling-green; and the house itself cried aloud for the improving influences of whitewash and carbolic soap. Then there was the joy of furnishing. The mind stretched forward to the excitement of excursions to St. Albans, and Hitchin, and Hertford, in search of grandfather clocks and copper coal-scuttles and oak benches and fire-dogs and generally furniture of any other age than our own.

When, in process of time, we were settled in and were preparing to enjoy our sober hermitage, we began to realize that we were to be less lonely than we had dreamed. First, a nest of cottages discovered itself, of whom we soon learned that we were the proper prey. Their hares and rabbits we were content to engross without asking questions; the fruit of their orchards

we were fain to purchase at famine prices because we had none of our own; we let them persuade us that a house so lonely required a watch-dog of singular ferocity and a kennel which from its cost might have been "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermillion"; and all the worn-out farm implements from the last half-century of county sales—diggers, and wheelbarrows, and scythes—presented themselves for purchase. One day there came a cockatoo that had been caught in a tree. The pious elder who brought it explained that, being in doubt how to pay his rent at Michaelmas this bird had come from above to supply his need; so that its price was 3*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* We demurred to this predestinarian method of fixing values, but promised to keep the bird a few days to discover his points. On the third day he released himself from his chain by opening a link with his beak—an art he had evidently perfected by practice—and sped off again into the woods, perhaps to supply the rent of some other pious cottager. Meanwhile we found ourselves in a difficulty. The bird was not ours, and we had lost him. It was clearly a case for arbitration, and we suggested that it should be referred to the clergyman of the parish. But an unanticipated arbitrator appeared in the person of the village constable, who had got wind of the matter and was indignant that no notice of the bird's capture had been given to him. The would-be Elijah accordingly found himself a delinquent and beholden to my good offices to avert the displeasure of the law; so that, in the event, the affair resolved itself into a distribution of *douceurs*. A second and far more objectionable invasion of our solitude arose from the fact, unknown to us, and we trust also to the advertiser of the house, that we were scheduled as a "local curiosity" in the Hertfordshire programme of

the bicycling world. I am not likely to forget the first Saturday afternoon of our residence. Up the hill came wild trumpetings as of a herd of elephants in pain, and into our newly gravelled drive there rushed panting a motor tricycle, followed by three motor bicycles, and after a slight interval by a flock of the ordinary species. They passed into the orchard which commands the "extensive view" already spoken of, and proceeded to unpack their wallets and enjoy their luncheon and the wide prospect together. I felt that it was idle, and might even be dangerous, to interpose between trumpeting elephants and their provender; so I waited till the signal of repletion was given by the striking of lucifer matches, and the upcurling of thin columns of smoke, and then proceeded to the scene of refection, which I found as "white as snow in Salmon" with sandwich-papers. "Do you gentlemen know," I began, "that you are trespassing?"

"We're not doing any harm, are we?" said the rider of the motor tricycle, who seemed to be the captain.

"Well, no," I said, "that is, if you will be so good as to collect your scattered papers. But for all that you are trespassing. You wouldn't like me to bring my lunch and eat it without leave in your drawing-room."

"But this isn't your drawing-room, sir," was the reply.

"Well then, in your garden!"

"I haven't got a garden."

This repartee excited merriment. As argument did not seem to appeal to elephant nature, I shifted my ground and asked another of the party to what I was indebted for the honor of the visit. "Well," he replied, "the 'Hub' said there was a view, and so it was worth while doing the extra four miles from Tewin, but I've seen a better view from Primrose Hill." This excited more merriment, and I saw my

opportunity. "Would you mind then," I said, "writing to—the paper you spoke of—and saying that my view is really not worth the extra journey?" And so we parted in good humor. I learned afterwards that the attraction of Tewin is a tomb in the churchyard out of which spring six sycamores. Legend has it that the lady who is there buried doubted of the resurrection; whence the miracle; and every bicycle club in London deems it necessary to come down and be convinced by it.

Our solitude, therefore, it will be understood, was not so suited to the artist or man of letters as we had been led to believe; on some days with a barrel-organ, a motor-car or two, and various parties of pilgrims in brakes, it became, in Cowley's phrase, "an Islington almost." And then there were the callers. It would ill become me to complain of the civility of our neighbors (using that term in a wide sense), who drove their five and ten miles to leave cards on the new-comers, and welcome us into "the fruitful fields of pleasant Hertfordshire." With some of them an acquaintance thus begun has ripened into friendship; with others it has remained a bowing acquaintance. The only calls we have, here or elsewhere, had reason to resent have been those made at the unsolicited instance of good-natured friends. I don't know if any novelist has remarked upon the manners sometimes displayed by people who have made a call at the request of common acquaintances, supposing they are so unfortunate as to be found at home when the call is returned. They are almost as interesting as the manners of ladies who hold drawing-room meetings for charitable purposes. (Of course if you are at home when they perform the initial call, they are constrained to behave as though they did it from a free heart and mere goodwill.) The game, as

played, opens by their not quite catching your name as you are announced, and looking a little distracted, as if to wonder what you want. The fatal move at this point is to say: "I think we have common friends in the Joneses," because the retort comes pat: "Oh, have we?" and you have to begin again. A safer opening is: "I am sorry you did not find us at home when you called," because this leaves them face to face with the responsibility for the first step, which they must either explain away, or mend their manners. A skilful player would of course not be checkmated so early, ladies having a way of eluding both logic and responsibility which is my perpetual envy; and if they have been polite only by request, they must be allowed to mark the distinction, in case you should think they wanted to know you. But it is ungracious to dwell on such a topic; for the only house that thus slammed its door in our faces under pretence of opening it was not tenanted by an indigenous stock of "hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire."

And so we come back to Charles Lamb. I must confess that it is only very lately, after reading an essay of Dr. Ainger's in an old volume of the "English Illustrated Magazine" lent me by a friendly divine, that I am become learned in the various spots sacred to the memory of Saint Charles. My first efforts to gain information about them, made at a garden party on first coming into the county, were not fortunate; but like every seeker after truth I had a reward, if not what I expected. I was talking with a clergyman of the type that always delights me, well set up and with an unmistakable air of gentleman, and very little of the conventional parson in dress or manner. To my request for enlightenment about the Lambs he replied: "Oh, they lived quite near at Bocket Hall. The house was begun by Sir Matthew, the first

baronet, and finished by the first Lord Melbourne. Of course you know all about Lady Carolyn Lamb and Byron. Yes, you should certainly see Brocket; it has one of the most beautiful parks in England; and it was the home not only of Melbourne but of Palmerston; both died there." I hastened to explain that by the Lambs I had meant Charles Lamb and his sister. But my friendly clergyman did not know them. "No," he said, "I don't recall any Lamb of the name of Charles. There was George, and William, and Frederick. Anyhow you should see Brocket. It was once part of Hatfield Chase, and its oaks are as old as any in England. All this part of Hertfordshire was once forest, and that is why the roads twist about so. It was under one of the Brocket oaks that the Lady Elizabeth was sitting when the news came of Queen Mary's death. At least that is the Lamb tradition; the Cecil tradition puts the oak at Hatfield." Happily other inquiries put me on the track of the other Lambs, in whom, not being a politician, I felt more interest, and as the fine days at last came with departing summer we visited the shrines. But I am not sure that I did not more enjoy reading about them in the guide books. At Widford, for instance, there is little enough to recall Lamb himself, even less than there is to recall Shakespeare at Stratford; for he was not born there but in London, the house which he loved and has described in his "Essays" is pulled down, and the tomb that pilgrims visit is not his own, which is at Edmonton, but his grandmother's. Even that has suffered at the hand of fortune and the pious restorer. As Lamb describes it in "The Grandam":

A plain stone barely tells
The name and date of the chance passenger.

But as we found it, the passage from

"The Grandam" was cut on the stone itself, which thereby ceased to be "a plain stone barely telling &c." We learned that an elm branch had fallen on the grave-stone and broken it, and "the opportunity was taken" &c., &c. There are some opportunities, we generally call them "liberties," which ought not to be taken.

I venture to think a sentiment for places must be a sentiment at first hand. Lamb loved Widford and Mackery End because of their associations with his youth. It is difficult for other people to love them because of their association with Charles Lamb. Perhaps I am a Philistine; perhaps I feel the direct sentiment too strongly to have any feeling left for the indirect. The fact remains that, much as I love Lamb (on this side of editing him), it is not at Widford or Mackery End that I dropped the tear of sensibility this summer, but at the little village of S—; where I myself lived for a few months some forty years ago. The picture of the place has hung ever since in a very sacred nook of memory, and I have cared less and less as the separating years have grown in number, to compare it with the reality. But now that I was actually living within a few miles of the village, with time on my hands, the temptation proved irresistible, and with a lifting (or was it a sinking?) of heart I found myself approaching the place of my dreams. I had been sent to S—, when about six years old, to the care of an old dame—at least, I thought her old—who kept the village school, that I might recover in the strong air of the place from some childish ailment. As I recall her, she was an erect, homely-looking woman with cheeks like streaky apples, and a hand whose firmness I had more than one opportunity of estimating. I lived with her in the cottage adjoining the school-house, and naturally enough, when I was some-

what recovered, and able to be mischievous, she put me into school to be under her eye. I remember little enough of what happened from day to day. There were a good many scrapes, most of them (like the primeval scrape of Eden) connected with apples; in which my tempter was the rector's son, some two years my elder. They were atoned for by discipline. It is the discipline of the school that I chiefly remember. The girls were punished by "thimble-pie." They crossed their hands on their heads and were rapped with a thimble on the knuckles, or, supposing they withdrew them, on their crowns. The punishment seemed cruel then, and it seems so still. The boys, for grave offences, were punished in more primitive and fundamental fashion. I remember a punishment for truancy which moved our youthful pity and fear like some masterpiece of tragedy. The boy—his name would not come to mind, or I should have sought him out—had been threatened with the birch if he repeated the offence, and of course, truancy being in the blood, he repeated it, and then reappeared the next day as though nothing had happened. I remember still the hardly suppressed excitement of the school as he came in. I can still see the light in the old dame's eyes as, after prayers, she took the birch from her desk, and bore down upon him. Then came a pause; something had evidently gone wrong; it proved to be that the young rebel had endeavored to make assurance doubly sure by tying up his unmentionables with string. But he had miscalculated the resources of authority. A knife, fetched from the inner room by a satellite, made all too short work of his defences; and although, if my memory serves me, he bit in a most unsportsmanlike way, nothing could arrest the strokes of Nemesis. At the end of the morning there appeared his father, with a knife in one

hand and a piece of bread and cheese in the other, and we looked to see murder done; but after some words had passed he turned away cowed by the indomitable dame. Another scene that comes up into memory was the inspection of the school which fell during my visit. To prepare for the examination all the slates were boiled in the good dame's copper. The examiner was a pomopous clergyman with an enormous stock swathed round and round by a white neckcloth, who annoyed me by mispronouncing the mistress's name. After the inspection came a prize-giving with recitations. I wonder if such entertainments were usual in Hertfordshire in the early 'sixties, or whether the little village of S— was eminent for its humanities. The head girl, dressed for the business in cap and apron, recited a piece which began:

Good morning, ma'am,
I've come to give you warning, ma'am;
I've put on my best apron for the purpose, ma'am.

It consisted, I believe, of home truths to mistresses—a sort of Saturnalia of domestic service—but I have sought it in vain in modern collections. Of my own experiences I can recall little but sins, with their expiations. On one occasion I made an attempt to assert superiority over the little yokels by refusing to rise from my seat when the rector left the room. Being remonstrated with, I performed at his next visit an exaggerated act of reverence, by mounting on the form and waving my arms. But my triumph was short-lived, for it chanced that the good man had forgotten his umbrella, and returning for it he surprised my demonstration; which put me out of countenance, as I was something of a favorite with him, and was privileged to hold his book while he christened the babies.

Well, there does not seem in these trivial recollections much food for sen-

timent; and yet as I drew near the village I could have laughed or cried with equal ease. I found the country more beautiful than I anticipated; it was the rolling, well-wooded Hertfordshire landscape, but I remembered nothing of that. A chalk-pit and "the quick" were the only natural features that had impressed themselves. The "quick" (still so called) was a path down the hill, from the church to the road below, arched over with thorns and hornbeam; and as I saw it again in the peaceful light of a September afternoon it justified all my vague affection. The church, I regretted to discover, was a hideous structure, restored to more than its native ugliness in 1855, so that I must have known it in its newest gloss; I saw my seat, west of the font, where I used to assist at baptisms; I saw also, for the first time, though without any thrill, the interior of the mysterious chamber into which the minister used to disappear in white, to emerge again in black. I found his grave in the churchyard; and noted with something of a shock that I had myself reached the age at which he seemed to me then

so venerable. As I stood looking at the inscription, I heard the village children practising the Sunday Psalms; they were singing to a chant of Purcell's "I do not exercise myself in great matters that are too high for me," as I must have sung it all those years ago; and I felt that at S— I might perhaps learn the lesson over again. We looked into the schoolroom. The mistress was not awful like the dame I had known; and everything seemed proportionately diminished. The walls were washed with blue, instead of white; and instead of a broad spaciousness with texts here and there—"Swear not at all," "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord"—there was a confused mass of pictures: Jerusalem, the Squire, lions, sheep and other curious wild-fowl. But I saw in an outhouse the copper where the slates were boiled; and I saw the window of the little room where I used to sleep, and where I spent one very bright summer's day—"from morn to dewy eve"—learning the first page of words in Johnson's Dictionary, awful words like ab-an-don, which I still hate.

Urbanus Sylvan.

The Cornhill Magazine.

T A T A.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

PART IV.

I. "GREAT THOUGHTS COME FROM THE HEART," SAID VAUVENARGUES

Thérésone was buried in one of the beautiful new sheets of which she had been so fond. Adèle's was not a noisy grief. Her trust in the Lord was too great to permit her to indulge in useless tears. Hers was a brave soul. She said to herself that Thérésone had finished her appointed task, and had

earned a right by her sufferings to her long repose. Moreover, she came to an immediate realization of her new responsibilities. From this time forth she would be the one support of her father, the one resource of her dearly loved brother.

So it was very soon after her mother's death that Adèle in her deep mourning, accompanied by her father, went to talk over with the priest the plans for her school, now thoroughly clear in her own mind.

* Translated for *The Living Age*.

The priest of the church of St. Louis was a man of about forty, of simple and upright character and remarkably good education; of moderate intellectual ability, but great common-sense and excellent judgment.

"I have thought about the matter a great deal, M. le Curé. It is in their earliest years that children really most need a school. In the artisan class the mothers are busy; among trades-people they are apt to be frivolous, and those who bring up their children do so too often without reflection or method as the whim of the moment dictates. Now it seems to me that the education of little children is the most important of all, and that it calls for the constant exercise of judgment, patience, self-control and renunciation. Even though I fail, I want to try this great experiment. My good-will is certainly all engaged, and my idea is that an infant school should do the work, during the day, of frivolous or busy mothers. It seems to me that the very first impressions in the little child are what determine the qualities which later will go to make up his character. So it will be these impressions over which more than anything else I shall watch, and which I shall do my best to lead in the right direction. We can let the children do little bits of work, and learn to use the needle, scrape lint for the hospital, or make silk waste. They should be short tasks, soon ended, before even the first sign of weariness; lasting, that is to say, from five to ten minutes. Their letters they will learn for play. The prayers are to be chanted. . . . My father will take charge of the music, by which all the movements of the school will be regulated."

"Yes," assented Bounaud, mechanically. He was listening to his daughter in mute astonishment.

"What do you think, M. le Curé, about having in the middle of the hall,"

pursued Adèle, "something like a large camp-bedstead, strong but not too hard, on which there would be room for a number of children to lie down at once, and where they could be put for a rest at the first sign of fatigue or drowsiness? In short, I want my school to be really motherly.¹ I count a great deal on the music, that is to say, on my father's assistance. Every one can see that little children are passionately fond of rhythm. They doubtless find in it that order and peace which are essential to their well-being. As I said just now, it will be quite possible to set all their little exercises to an accompaniment of simple, almost childish, music. I attach great importance, too, to the singing of prayers, not in chorus, or with any searching after vocal effects, but sung by a single voice to primitive melodies, like those of our popular airs. Often when I was a little girl my father would sing to me the old song of *Magali* for instance, or *Marion à la Fontaine* and the *Noëls de Saboli*. I should make those airs my models. Each child in turn should stammer out his little song to the good God. And who knows if one could not teach them to sing in this way all the beautiful precepts of the Gospels. There would be no need of putting them in verse, and they would never forget them. . . ."

Adèle had gone on talking without noticing how attentive the Curé had become.

"You have entirely convinced me, mademoiselle. Your clients and mine will be the same. They will be those of whom the good God said, 'Suffer the little children—'"

"Amen!" cried Bounaud, with a grave joy. "And may God bless you! I say it from the bottom of my heart, M. le Curé!"

"If you would like it I will super-

¹ The technical name for Infant schools in France is "Ecoles Maternelles."

vise the religious instruction in your school: and I will gladly consecrate it on its opening day. Keep on, mademoiselle, others will follow you. You have chosen an excellent way."

And, as he showed his visitors to the door, the good priest could not help saying to Bounaud:—

"Do you know, maître Bounaud, I prefer your daughter's genius to that of your son."

"Well, rather!" was Bounaud's answer, for he had found at last his "road to Damascus."

II. NEWS OF MARIUS.

The school prospered. Tata's plans for it had all been carried out. Bounaud's lessons, too, began at once to pay extremely well. He was an excellent musician, and a remarkably good teacher. That he should be so proved a great surprise to those who were indifferent or hostile to him, and even to his friends.

Though malice be everywhere present, yet good holds its own, after it has proved itself a force.

Passive resignation is often admired in a way which does no good to those who are resigned. The brisk activity of the unfortunate in the face of misfortune attracts active sympathy, for even selfishness is then inclined to be sympathetic.

All the city had been impressed by the bearing of the father and the daughter, and the school was known from the beginning as "Tata's School!"

Tata found herself obliged to have two assistants. The most exquisite neatness reigned in the little establishment, thanks to the care with which the smallest details were overseen. The mothers paid her eight sous a day, and were certain that their children were safe in the most desirable of moral surroundings. The care and instruction of the young was Tata's

vocation. As the Curé had said to her, she had ideas and she put them into practice. She set herself to reading books on Pedagogy and even Philosophical Treatises. She had a genius for teaching.

She divided up her great room into two. Soon she had over a hundred pupils; and gave lessons in the evenings to older girls. Before the end of the second year she was making five hundred francs a month, and Bounaud was taking in fifty francs a day. They lived on the most abstemious diet and drank only water. Bounaud was restoring the dowry. He might often have been seen gazing at the portraits of his father and his wife, or at the St. Cecilia, and cheerfully singing—what would you suppose?—"Our Father, Who art in Heaven." He had set it to music for his own use and that of the little children. It was a happy tune, the "Our Father" of a nightingale fluttering among the lilacs in April, certain each day of his daily bread. And nothing could have been more charming than this Evangel sung by one of the little ones, while the others with eager attention waited ready to sing in chorus at the end of each verse, "Our Father." After this cry of all the little flock, the song began again, the prayer continued. Adèle would say to herself:

"Surely God is pleased with it all!"

Pierre wrote but seldom. When a letter came, Adèle would offer it in silence to her father, who invariably rejected it. "Never again!" he would say. "He has no gratitude, no redeeming quality. He killed his mother. He is blotted out of my heart. I have now only you, only you!"

And Adèle would sigh and say to herself, "It will come right later." She had never lost her faith in Pierre's genius, any more than in Marius' fidelity.

He too wrote but seldom, and the

elder Pelloquin, who was now the owner of the Bounaud's house, felt that his presence was peculiarly painful and came to see them only at rare intervals.

So more than three years glided by.

One day Adèle had been seeing a whole succession of mothers in her little office and explaining to them the customs of the house—how the children were brought by some one every morning and fetched away in the afternoon, how they brought their little luncheon in a basket, and must all wear over their other garments, a blue pinafore made with sleeves, etc.—when a very well-dressed woman asked to speak with her.

"But my time is up, madame, I must go to prayers."

"Very well, mademoiselle, I will wait. I have a communication of a personal nature from M. Marius Pelloquin."

Adèle turned pale, but merely said, "I must be present at prayers. Be kind enough to wait for me here a moment, madame."

And while a thin little voice, thin as a spider's web, sung the *Our Father*, interrupted and supported by that cry of all the other children, "Our Father," Tata was lifting up her heart in utter forgetfulness of self, and praying for her earthly father.

"If a new sorrow awaits us, dear Lord, give my father new strength to bear it! As for me, I am thine, oh my God!"

"Amen!" sung the children in chorus to a buoyant air, two hundred baby voices, silvery and shrill. Adèle re-entered the office.

"Now I am at your service, madame."

She took the letter which was handed to her and read it, cold and white. She felt her hands like ice. Her eyesight became blurred. She waited for her vision to clear, her eyes still fixed on her letter. Her presentiment had

been correct. She was indeed in the presence of a new and irreparable misfortune, but she desired to summon all her strength to help her look it in the face, and she succeeded. Marius asked her pardon on his knees. And for what? . . . The blow came in a shape which was indeed unexpected. Adèle's betrothed had been married for almost three years. The mist clouded her sight again. . . . Three years! So through all these months she had been hoping for something which had all the while been impossible. The perfused lover had recourse to wordy explanation. Chance, absence, youth, circumstance, all these had been to blame; and he had not dared tell the truth till now. From day to day and week to week, he had put off the necessity of breaking the news to the most estimable, the most noble of women. But now procrastination was become impossible. For, as the result of certain unsuccessful business speculations, he was about to return to France. For more than two years he had been deceiving all the world; even his father was still in ignorance at the moment of his writing. Forced, himself, to remain yet a while in America, and to incur a certain amount of danger, he was sending back to France his wife in charge of their child whom they could no longer keep with them. And, in the name of the past, it was to Tata that he entrusted the baby, knowing of the school which she had established. He felt certain that her noble heart would grant him forgiveness. If she accepted the charge, as he did not doubt she would, he begged that she would explain the matter to his own family, who as yet knew nothing. She would forgive poor Father Pelloquin as well, whose blame, distress, and possible anger, he himself greatly dreaded.

Was this letter the outcome of sincere distress, a candid appeal to the

pity of one whom the writer deeply revered, or was it the politic move of a clever man, who felt that his surest road to pardon lay in invoking the generosity of his victim, and thus entangling her, as it were, in her own virtues?

In silence Tata asked herself these questions. Meanwhile her visitor waited and watched her in some surprise.

"So, then," said Tata at last, "the elder M. Pelloquin does not yet know of your presence in Toulon?" and as she spoke, she said to herself, "This is his wife! His wife! The woman who has taken my place!"

A bitter pang pierced her heart.

"No, mademoiselle, I reached Toulon only this morning. My husband's instructions were precise. I was to see you first of all."

The shiver which ran over Tata's frame was clearly perceptible. As long as they are on the earth saints feel all the human passions, and it costs them an effort to subdue them. Her visitor, noticing the distress which she could not in the least understand, felt herself bound to add, "I never question my husband's commands."

"You are not an American?" questioned Adèle.

"I am from Bordeaux, where I was for some time a governess."

"And did you read this letter? I mean did M. Marius Pelloquin give it to you to read?"

"No, madame."

"You do not know that M. Marius Pelloquin wishes me to assume the care of his child?"

"Oh, yes. He has told me, on his father's authority, that yours was a model school."

"And do you know that within six months M. Marius Pelloquin wrote to me as his *fiancée*?" asked Tata, dwelling on each word of this question.

The lady rose hastily to her feet. She turned first pale and then red, in a

turmoil of emotion which was evidently unfeigned.

"Is it possible? He, he? . . . But in that case what right have I to be here, mademoiselle? How can you pardon me anything so unjustifiable as this visit? It was atrocious, but pray believe that I was not an accomplice in such conduct. Now I understand why he was unwilling to comply with the French formalities in the matter of his marriage! He was afraid that he would meet with obstacles . . . in his own family! . . . I knew nothing about it . . . Oh, you believe me, don't you?" She burst into sobs. Adèle gazed at her attentively with dry and burning eyes. She was willing to be a victim, but not a dupe.

"Have I married a scoundrel?" Marius' wife was enquiring in a piercing voice, a horrible anxiety at her heart and in her tones.

Then Adèle's glance softened in pity.

"No," said she, "no, madame. But he is weak. I realize it now . . . Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then, suddenly, with the most perfect simplicity, "I will take charge of the child, madame. Where is he?"

"I left him in the garden, when I came in, with one of your servants."

"Tell his grandfather and grandmother that they will have to see that the child is here every morning at seven. And here is a printed copy of our rules."

She had resumed the tranquil tone of the principal of an institution explaining the conditions of reception. Her own drama was ended: the curtain had fallen on her heart's tragedy. Sometimes there is more heroism in silence than in the shout of any hero. She rose and accompanied her visitor to the door of the office.

Just as the latter was about to cross the threshold, Adèle said to her with a smile: "Have no anxiety! I shall love

him more than any of the others in spite of myself."

"Thank you!" answered she who was called Mme. Pelloquin. . . . "Perhaps I ought to refuse . . . perhaps; for it involves a cruel sacrifice on your part. But I haven't the courage. My mother's love is too strong for me. I am only passing through Toulon. My husband wished me to see his father and talk over his business affairs with him. After that I shall rejoin him and we shall set out on a long succession of journeys, a continual going back and forth between London and New York. And my husband doesn't know English, while I speak it fluently."

"You would be wrong to refuse what is for the child's good," said Adèle. "You have not even the right to do so. As for what you are pleased to call my sacrifice, that rests between God and myself. But the sacrifice is not great. Indeed, there is none. I shall only have the joy of welcoming to our number one more healthy, lovely child. He has no part in my sorrow, and it is a thing of the past."

The lady wiped her eyes and took her leave. Adèle followed her out into the garden. She did not kiss the child that day, and the hand with which she caressed his cheeks trembled slightly. As his mother was taking him away, "To-morrow at seven," she said. "He will need a blue pinafore, but we will make it here. Don't trouble about it!"

At the garden gate, the lady, with her child in her arms, met Bounaud, who stopped and smiled at the little stranger. "What a pretty boy!" said he.

The mother walked away. Bounaud, who was in high spirits, followed his daughter to the office where he sometimes left his musical instruments. "A new pupil?" said he. "We don't often have anybody so swell, at least to judge by appearances. What's the lady's name?"

"You would never guess," said Adèle tranquilly. "She is Mme. Marius Pelloquin."

Bounaud fairly choked.

"Don't distress yourself, father. I have just told the mother that, in spite of myself, I shall love the little fellow better than any of the other children."

She sat down and hiding her face in her hands, wept softly.

Then Bounaud, the Bounaud before whom his women-kind had been wont to bow their heads in silence, Bounaud went noiselessly and knelt at his daughter's feet.

III. BOUNAUD THE INFLEXIBLE

When he had sunk to his knees he began to speak as though he were uttering a prayer. She, without seeing that he knelt, heard him and accompanied each of his phrases with a gentle little sob which shook her entire frame. With his hands fervently clasped he prayed—to a woman; he, Bounaud, who used to acknowledge but one saint, the Cecilia of Paradise.

"Pardon me, Adèle, my saint. It is I who am really to blame. It was I who did what led to the ruin of your happiness. Let me acknowledge my sin to your dead mother, who is now a saint in heaven, and let me confess it to you as though I were in the confessional."

She raised her head and seeing him thus abased: "No, no, father!" she cried; "not like that; not like that!"

He resisted her very tenderly, but with all his wonted firmness.

"Yes, yes! Just as I am, at your feet; don't oppose me. I should have done it long ago, and it relieves a man of a great burden to confess his fault. Let me fling down at your feet the insupportable load which my conscience has laid upon me. It was I who did the gravest wrong, Adèle. Oh, I have not forgotten a single detail of the past. I

think it over and pass judgment on it unceasingly. In the beginning I failed to appreciate you, and neglected you for your brother. Forgive me! I thought that he alone had any claim upon me, because he was the boy, the man, my heir. Forgive me! He bore my name, that humble name Bounaud, which I wanted to see illustrious. It was my own vanity which I flattered and loved in my son. Forgive me, Adèle, forgive me! I was unjust and unfair. I sacrificed you and your mother for him; that is to say, for myself. For him I pierced to the heart the old mother, who made you the saintly creature you are. Forgive me, forgive me! And may my son, who is also guilty, one day confess and condemn himself as I am doing now. I am the cause of that villainous desertion which we have just learned. And you receive the blow like a saint—forgive me, forgive me! But what will become of you when I am no longer here, with many a fault, it's true, my daughter, but with a heart full of love?"

He took the hem of Tata's dress and raised it to his lips as adoring believers grasp a relic.

"No more, father! Dear father, no more!"

But he persisted in his transport of love and self-abasement, "Oh, I must, I must. It was my pride which did the mischief, and it must be rooted out. Leave me a little. I am doing penance."

He hid his old, childlike forehead in the lap of his daughter, and Tata, with maidenly, motherly hand, began to stroke his hair, which was now quite white. Then putting her lips

close to his revered head she murmured winningly, insinuatingly, with a certain divine coquetry, like a woman who is seizing her opportunity, and who feels sure of success. "Since you are there on your knees, papa, before God, perhaps it is my duty to pronounce a name which you have not been willing to hear. Peace and reconciliation come from the Lord."

At Adèle's first words a change passed over him. His heart began to harden. He raised his head. His face had grown severe. She continued even more persuasively, "Since your heart is now so humble, let me say that even though he be ungrateful and culpable, perhaps we ought not to have abandoned him so long to his own fickleness and weakness."

Bounaud half rose, his face growing sterner and sterner.

"What is he doing at this hour?" she asked. "To what folly may he not have been led by our apparent forgetfulness of him?"

Bounaud sprang to his feet. The old Bounaud re-appeared, vigorous, passionate, angry and obstinate. "Father, I beg you, make a place for him once more in your affection."

Slowly, with his head held stiff and high, Bounaud moved toward the door.

"Father, dear father!" she cried, "do you not think that even God himself hesitates to condemn anyone to eternal punishment?"

He never turned, but went his way out of the room.

"Patience!" she said aloud. "It will come yet. No, no, there cannot be such a thing as punishing human fault by unrelenting and inhuman penalties, even in this world."

THE POLITICAL POETRY OF MR. WILLIAM WATSON.

There is one modern habit which is more of a sign of decadence than the habit of taking drugs, the habit of asking for definitions, and the yet more craven habit of giving them. Human language is a thing totally unfitted for this exact treatment. It is nothing but a kind of wild music, certain hoarse cries and bizarre ejaculations being approximately indicative of certain dark but definite realities in existence. To ask for a definition of the word "liberty," or the word "nationality," is but a step removed from asking for a definition of the bark of a dog. Language being not a modern science, but a rugged primeval art, like playing on stringed instruments, it is impossible that any word can have a definition, since the striking of the one note means something, and the striking of any other number of notes must seem something quite different. A man might say, for instance, that "unhampered political or social individuality" was a good equivalent for the word "liberty." But it would not be an equivalent in the least. And the proof of this is simply in the fact that "unhampered political or social individuality" would not make a man start as to the blast of a bugle. When a civilization begins to ask that all its words, its ancient and basic words, should be repeated and explained, it is growing deaf and old and bad-tempered; it has lost its philosophical ear for music. The arrows of language are blunted that once went straight to the heart. Our own language is becoming a foreign tongue to us, so that we have to look it up as if it were French or Hebrew in a metaphysical dictionary. And the calm, hard-headed rationalist who asks what is meant by a nation, is on that high road of insanity which

ends in asking what is meant by a horse.

It is this instinctive knowledge that language and consequently human intercourse and human pronouncement cannot be absolutely correct and clear which has made the human race, with its quaint and almost elvish wisdom, perceive the enormous importance of mysteries, of dim temples, and priestly veils. Secret scriptures, impenetrable pontiffs, prayers in a dark tongue, rings of swords round the sanctuary, all this has been man's device for keeping from the heathen hands of logic and reason the immemorial ark of common-sense. Men knew that nothing fares worse under analysis than reality itself, than all the things which are the substance of our daily life—charity, practicality, patriotism, good manners. Religion has most sagaciously avoided the scientific method and given men for their comfort two or three of the most splendid, the most living, the most powerful and practical things upon earth—words. And this jealousy, this fear lest reason should ruin sanctity, producing, as I have said, many of the militant bigotries of religion, has produced, equally excusably, many of the bigotries of patriotism. Just as people felt about the peculiar experiences of their souls, so they felt about the peculiar color and spiritual independence of their native land. They felt that these things were so natural and obvious and yet so incredible; they felt that they were so solid and eternal, and yet so fragile and so easily knocked to pieces with a question. And just as the old religions, while basically humane, yet hated the profane in their sanctuaries, so the old-fashioned England, while essentially good-tempered, hated a Frenchman

within her borders. It was not hostility, but a great unuttered fear that something intangible and invaluable was being corrupted or diluted, a drop of water or of gall had fallen into the ancient wine.

This explains the peculiar, and to us, as it salutes us across the centuries, the unmeaning terror with which a certain type of nationalists have always regarded the change and even the expansion of their country. It explains how the Roman poets, even at the moment of the Roman Imperial triumph, sang monotonously of the fall of Rome. A man must always be furious against those who have stolen his goods; but he must be doubly furious when he cannot describe the goods that have been stolen. To have one's sanctities destroyed violently is terrible; to have them destroyed gently is unforgivable. Suppose that a nation regards itself as the green island. If the color it must wear be England's cruel red, it has a definite enemy to oppose. But suppose that through a splendid sunset of peacock changes the green grew blue, and yet more blue, on its way to violet, the thing would justify a bloody revolution. This is what is lost by the subtle change which turns a nation into an empire.

The English historic character, for instance, is a thing which it would be almost impossible to give in any number of definitions. Yet we can give it in an instance. Mr. William Watson is, politically, a typical Englishman. This is not a mere matter of phrase, nor is it a mere compliment. Mr. Watson undoubtedly claims a national attitude for himself; but the question is much deeper than that. His new volume of poems on the late war is called "For England." In the preface he speaks with a dignity both of words and meaning somewhat incongruous with its subject of that charge of anti-patriot-

ism which it is very difficult to believe that any educated man on either side ever took seriously. The charge had literally no meaning at all. It is wearisome to have to point out that if a man thought the war bad for his country his opposition to it must of necessity be in proportion to his patriotism. The doctrine of the united nation is simply a piece of mental confusion. It means that at the precise moment when your country is in most danger you are to become suddenly frivolous and take any opinion you may find lying about the street. But though Mr. Watson need scarcely have taken any particular notice of an accusation which has become little more than a joke, his remarks about it are worth quoting, because they further establish this incidental fact, that he claims to be a national poet and not a cosmopolitan poet—if such a thing there could be.

"Especially," he says, "is it odious to one who has prided himself on being peculiarly English in his sympathies and sentiments and who comes of many generations of such Englishmen as fought indomitably for faith and commonweal, such Englishmen as lived the beautiful ancient life of our pastoral highlands, in the lee of the northern hills, and by the flowing of Swale and Ure. The same claim is made, of course, in the well-known lines, also included in this book, "On Being Styled 'Pro-Boer'":

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I,
I that shall stand for England till I die,
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound; Italy one and free,
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room,
The England from whose side I have not swerved,

The immortal England that I, too,
have served.

Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice and in Mercy and in Love.

I do not quote these passages in order to raise the political issue. The question of which tendency is statesmanship and national poetry is actually the best for the Commonwealth, I am going, as far as possible, to avoid altogether. I am going to speak of what Mr. Watson's attitude is, not of what it ought to be. And I wish to state first, as a mere matter of patent fact, like the fact that Shelley's attitude is very Republican, or that Blake's attitude is very mystical, that Mr. William Watson's attitude is very English.

I am not, I repeat, concerned in this article to maintain that it is a good thing to be very English or a good thing to be Mr. William Watson. Personally, I think both lots enviable. But there is this about nationality, as about the smell of a flower or the tone of a voice, that the people who love a nation, and the people who hate it, necessarily agree about it. For instance, there are some capable people who rank Walt Whitman with Martin Tupper: there are other capable people who rank him almost with the Messiah. But they would agree on one thing: he is an American Tupper: he is a very American Messiah. Volumes could not explain the peculiar Yankee flavor: the chaotic compound of a mellow barbarism with a kind of crude culture, the gigantic limbs in the ill-fitting clothes of philosophy; the elemental priggishness which makes it possible for the man who has obviously heard the morning stars sing together, to play with machines and American inventions like a child with clockwork toys, makes it possible for the Titan who wrote the divine and tremendous line

I am as one disembodied, triumphant,
dead,

to write also

Long live materialism. Hurrah for
positive science.

All that we can say is that the particular blend of coarseness and civilization can be felt also in Mark Twain. It is America. If you love it, you love America; if you hate it, you hate America. If you hate Mr. Watson's political temper, you hate England.

For let us put it to a similar test. The genius of Mr. Watson can be, and for our purposes may usefully be, considered from the standpoint of a foreigner who really disliked this country, its tone, its customs, its religious sentiment. He could find everything in Mr. Watson that he dislikes most. We can imagine some Parisian decadent smelling from this book what would be to him the very mist and mud of the island of the Puritans. Here he would find the English pomposity, which he would call hypocrisy; absurdly, for it springs from a simple character. Here, again, he would find that most English of all English traits, our incomparable vagueness, that vagueness which makes us shrink from great doctrines, but fall in love with great words; which makes us dislike articles of religion, but yet remain religious; which makes us doubt about the Rights of Man, and yet thrill at the name of Liberty. Last, but by no means least, he would find here that element too loosely classed as Puritanism, which so enrages much of Continental civilization—that ingrainedly ethical turn of mind which finds moralizing a feast of pleasure. Too few have noticed that scandal-mongering is the most popular kind of conversation simply because the most amusing subject in the world is morality. But this joy in moral estimates

is very English, and our imaginary foreigner would be infuriated with it. He would read, for instance, that splendid passage in Mr. Watson's "Apologia," in which the poet, taunted with his classicism, turns dramatically on the decadents:—

For though of faulty and of erring walk,
I have not suffered aught of frail in me
To stain my song; I have not paid the
world
The evil and the insolent courtesy
Of offering it my baseness as a gift.

But he would not feel the thrill that an Englishman feels at that burst of ethical scorn. He would say, "Oh, I know what that means. It means not bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person. It means no convincing passions, no biting facts, no stirring of the terrible underworld of life: no fierce and graceful nudities, no strange colors, no fantastic forms—or, in a word, as far as I am concerned, no art." And then with what relief he would find himself reading some other English writer, who had none of these vices of pomposity or vagueness, or a perpetual ethical test. And he would find such an un-English English writer. He would find a man of superlative genius writing in our language, in whose work there would be no lack of biting facts, of fierce nudities, of strange colors, of the underworld. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, our one Continental writer, would be a godsend indeed to our Continental critic. Mr. Kipling's splendid realism and picturesqueness would appear original in any country. But they would not appear one half so original in France as in England. When Mr. Kipling startles us it is simply because we are English. All his methods have long been employed in French literature, though it must be said scarcely ever with more talent and effect. His slang poems are an old de-

vice to the great French decadents who wrote verses in the argot of the criminal quarter. His vivid pictures of physical sensations are part of the first lesson of the Zolaist. His quaint and fascinating insistence on smell is already palling on the erotic Parisian esthete. His sharp, cruel short stories are as good as Maupassant's. His Orientalism is perfectly French. One change any one must feel in passing from Watson to him. It is passing from a cool climate to a hot one. In one of his admirable tales, Kipling uses the phrase, "sultry stories." He means smoking-room stories; but without any reference to this meaning, we may say that his stories are all sultry.

I am not, of course, comparing the merits of these writers, either literary or political. I am merely pointing out differences that are matters of impartial fact. And in order to avoid the appearance of special sympathy with Mr. Watson, I have chosen the standpoint of a man who disliked his spirit and his art. Now let us suppose the contrary case—that of a man, either English or foreign, whom the whole air and smell of England exalted like a great wine; a man who knew, as we know, that her pomposity is only an old and innocent dignity, that her vagueness is only an ingrained reverence and liberality, that her Puritanism is a concern for the things that matter. He would move easily in the landscapes of these poems. Every poet has a landscape at the back of his soul. Mr. Watson's is a Northern and English landscape—a landscape of great uplands and huge pale dawns. It is so as surely as Mr. Kipling's is an alien landscape, with a stretch of dry places, palms, and a floor of fire. And this the lover of England would feel at once in Watson. He would feel in the misty hills the vague practicality, the vague reverence, the vague and exuberant generos-

ity of England. He would feel the peculiar English virtues, such as magnanimity and geniality. Mr. Watson is perfectly right, wild as the patriotic claim may seem, when he puts England

All lands above,
In Justice and in Mercy and in Love.

Justice is perhaps an exaggeration: the English are not logical enough to be just. But England is certainly (when foreign "Imperialists" let her alone) the most merciful of nations. The Majuba policy may or may not be the most wise, but certainly it was the most English. No one at all acquainted with popular French fiction can fail to remember an element in it which we find unnatural, the element of revenge. How easily a kindly and ordinary man, when wronged in his capacity of husband, becomes a fiend, a torturer. This element is not English, but the gust of foreign fiction has had a secondary effect in attracting into our politics the conception of "la revanche." The great quality of easiness and forgiveness we had of nature; but Mr. Kipling and his school with their tropical tendency, seem bent on infecting our statesmanship with the Southern ethic of the knife.

It is not probable in the nature of things that Mr. Watson will ever be a popular poet. Two reasons chiefly hinder it, and I have no doubt I have laid myself open to the charge of paradox by mentioning the more obvious of them: he is locally and traditionally English. A purely national poet must be neglected at a certain stage of over-civilization, for when men have become very luxurious, novelty is the last and only luxury. Hence the enormous inundation of French, Russian, American, Anglo-Indian influence on England and England's books. The second cause of his necessary isolation is that he is fundamentally democratic. I know

that the word will be misunderstood. With music-hall refrains ringing in our ears, with torrents of books about the brutality and ignorance of the East End flooding the market, with every half-penny paper peppered with slang, and every public speech filled with appeals to the common-sense of working men, it seems ridiculous to point to the most lonely, the most polished, the most academic and elaborate of modern men of genius and call him democratic. But he is democratic. He does not appeal to the lower classes, which is appealing to an oligarchy.

Democracy must always be severe, without either desire or dread of paradox, we may go even further. Democracy must always be unpopular. It is a religion, and the essence of a religion is that it constrains. Like every other religion, it asks men to do what they cannot do; to think steadily about the important things. Like every other religion, it asks men to consider the dark, fugitive, erratic realities, to ignore the gigantic, glaring and overpowering trivialities. It rests upon the fact that the things which men have in common, such as a soul and a stomach, such as the love of children or the fear of death, are to infinity more important than the things in which they differ, such as a landed estate or an ear for music, the capacity to found an empire or to make a bow. And it has, like any other religion, to deal with the immense primary difficulty that the unimportant things are by far the most graphic and arresting, that millions see how a man founds an empire, and only a few how he faces death, and that a man may make several thousand bows in a year and go on improving in them, while in the art of being born he is only allowed one somewhat private experiment. In politics, in philosophy, in everything, it is sufficiently obvious that the things that are seen are temporal, but the

things that are not seen are eternal. And the thing which is most undiscoverable in all human affairs, the thing which is most elusive, most secret, most hopelessly sealed from our sight is, and always must be, the thing which is most common to us all. Every little variety we have we gossip and boast of eagerly; it is upon uniformity that we preserve the silence of terrified conspirators. There are only two things that are absolutely common to all of us, more common than bread or sunlight, death and birth. And it is considered morbid to talk about the one and indecent to talk about the other. It is the nature of man to talk, so to speak, largely and eagerly about every new feather he sticks in his hair, but to conceal like a deformity the fact that he has a head.

This is the secret of the permanent austerity of the democratic idea, of its eternal failure and its eternal recurrence, of the fact that it can never be popular and can never be killed. It withers into nothingness in the light of a naked spirituality those special badges and uniforms which we all love so much, since they mark us out as kings or schoolmasters, or gentlemen or philanthropists. It declares with a brutal benignity that all men are brothers just at the very moment that every one feels himself to be the good grandfather of every one else. To our human nature it commonly seems quite a pitiful exchange to cease from being poets or vestrymen, and to be put off with being the images of the everlasting. That is the secret, as I say, of the austerity of republicanism, of its continual historic association with the stoical philosophy, of its continual defeat at the hands of heated mobs. It strikes men down from the high places of their human fads and callings, and lays them all level upon a dull plane of the divine.

Now this stern and absolute character in the republican sentiment must of necessity have its effect in literary form. Thence arose that august and somewhat rigid school of eloquence and poetry which has been associated with republicanism almost from the first twilight of the pagan era. So far as one broad distinction may be said to run like a chasm from end to end of literary history, it is this, that the literary weapon of popular government has been classic literature; the literary weapon of judges and pontiffs and the great princes of the earth has always been frivolity. One might almost say that their literary weapon had always been slang. If we want exhilarating vulgarity (and we often do want it), we go to some good Conservative, such as Aristophanes or Mr. Anstey. If we want a gay and gross picture of the real turbulence of the real rabble of the seventeenth century, say in England, we go to some cavalier like Dekker or Wycherley. To John Milton, the republican, we go for something quite different. We go to the republican not for a comedy about men but for an epic about man.

Of this great tradition of the union of a democratic policy with a classical style the great living representative in England is Mr. William Watson. And he stands alone. A violent reaction towards realism in literature has in our time gone hand in hand with a violent reaction towards Toryism in politics: it may seem strange to connect the vivisections of Zola with the admirable public speeches of Lord Salisbury, but they have this profound kinship, that they both make utter sport of all human dignity. In Mr. Watson's political poems may be found what can be found nowhere else in modern England—the old and authentic voice of the England of Milton and Wordsworth. Nothing is more striking than this parallelism between Mr. Watson's

dition and his moral policy. He loves lines such as

Kept whole and virginal her liberties.

He loves words of gray and silver; cool words, words with a stern smell of the sea. He loves the idea of the maidenhood of nations; vague and mountainous ideas like liberty, and a kind of sorrowful justice.

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But the fierce mountain stream of liberty
Not edicts and not hosts can long restrain,
For this is of the heights and of the deeps.

That is the Miltonic and the Wordsworthian England. It may be we are listening to the last of the ancient poets of England.

G. K. Chesterton.

MILADY.

(Being an extract from the memoirs of Count Luca della Riva—knight of the Order of the Annunciation—member of the Venetian parliament during the revolution, 1848-49.)

It was in the early spring of 1851 that Prince Mario d'Ivrea brought his young English wife home with him to Venice. I received a hastily scrawled note from him early one morning informing me of their arrival and telling me to: "Hurry up and be the first to welcome Edith to her new home."

I had been the recipient, at frequent intervals during the past winter, of letters from Mario, bearing the postmarks of various country towns and villages in England, where he had been visiting friends—letters full of a lover's, and an Italian lover's enthusiasm for the eyes, the hair, the white skin, the exquisitely modulated voice of Lady Edith Alvanley, daughter of the Earl of Stanes. I had read these letters, which had never contained less than two dozen "exclamatory notes" with considerable amusement, slightly tempered with a young man's natural regret that a friend should renounce the delights of bachelordom, and with a certain anxiety as to the possible consequences of bringing an English girl

to Venice in those troubrous times, when the workmen were still occupied repairing the damage done to our palaces by Austrian cannon, and the white-coated Austrian soldiers were still seeking, arresting and putting in prison, without even a pretence of judicial proceedings, any poor wretch, whose ill-chance made him incur the suspicion of desiring the liberty of his country.

Well! Mario and his wife would be safe enough, I reasoned, as I read his note, provided they kept on good terms with the Austrian officials; for he had interest at the court of Vienna, and, besides, he came of a great race, the greatest in Venice after the Dandolos, and it would be dangerous policy to molest him; even Metternich had admitted as much.

I was in a somewhat similar position, owing to the amount of my income; I was too rich for it to be convenient to banish me, I was worth a king's ransom to them annually in taxes, and their officials were not above accepting a bribe when I wished for a free hand to help my poor countrymen in their difficulties; otherwise, I flatter myself, Mario and I would have shared the fate of the forty pa-

tricts who were exiled after the siege of '49, for Mario had fought like a hero for his country, and the Austrians knew it only too well. Nor were they ignorant of the fact that during those terrible months in which we had fought so desperately for the republic nearly all the arms and ammunition had been supplied at my expense.

I have since been asked, not without malice, how it was that we elected to remain in Venice during those days, when so many better men were pining under foreign skies; Manin in Paris, Varè at Lausanne, Comello in Poland, and the others—God knows where? The reason was not far to seek; we were needed, both of us, in Venice, heaven knows how much we were needed, Mario with his influence and I with my money (and never, I swear, was money put to better uses). Who else could have kept the Austrian officials in check and shielded the unhappy Venetians from their revengeful malice? But I am wandering from my story.

On receiving Mario's note, I had ordered my gondola to be ready by ten o'clock, and had sent a servant to buy a large bunch of roses to offer to the newly-arrived princess. It was a lovely morning, and as I was rowed down the Grand Canal towards the Palazzo d'Ivrea I thought that Mario's wife could hardly have arrived in Venice at a better season. A light breeze from the south broke the blue waters of the broader canals into dancing wavelets that seemed to catch and to reflect the bright spring sunshine as they leaped and splashed against the many-colored walls and steps; flowers showed brightly against the open windows; the pigeons, the swallows and the gulls all circled together high up against the light azure of the sky. Even the white coats of the Austrian soldiers, as they flashed past in gon-

dolas or strolled about on the bridges and open squares, served to give an added brilliancy to an already brilliant scene.

I lay back in the gondola, smoking a cigarette, with the large bunch of roses I had ordered by my side, when, as we came round a bend of the canal and in sight of Mario's palace, I saw that there were two figures on the steps that led down to the water; one I recognized, even at that distance, as being Mario himself, and the other—it was a woman's figure dressed in white—I guessed to be Mario's wife.

The gondola swept round the curve, and Mario, recognizing the blue and white liveries of my gondoliers, came down the steps to the water's edge and waved his hand to me. His wife stood on the steps above him, shading her eyes with her hand, the sunlight gleaming in her hair, that was the color of burnished gold; she had stuck a little bunch of scarlet leaves into the belt of her white dress, and she held a larger bunch in one hand. Never shall I forget the picture they made, she and Mario, as they stood waiting for me in the morning sunlight, he tall and dark, his bronzed face smiling welcome, and his princess in her white dress with her crimson leaves, and golden aureole of fair hair.

So I was presented to Milady (that was the name we all gave her from the first) and bade her welcome to Venice, and for the next few days rowed about in a gondola showing her the beauties of her new home. Though the memory of past disasters, and some vague foreboding of great events yet to come, gave our amusements a rather grim background of anxiety, the season was a brilliant one in Venice, and Milady, who had an English girl's enthusiastic capacity for enjoying herself, went to balls, theatres and receptions, managing even to inspire Mario and myself, much as we hated such forms of entertain-

ment, with some of her overflowing spirits. So we followed meekly in her wake, and astonished and scandalized all our friends in Venice by appearing even at a dance given by the Austrian Governor, in whose house neither of us had ever deigned to set foot before.

But, as Milady said, "What did it matter if he *was* an Austrian?" The floor in his rooms was perfect for dancing, and his aides-de-camp waltzed to perfection. Neither Mario nor I were dancing men, so to these gentlemen fell the entire task of entertaining Milady; one of them especially, a rather handsome young Hungarian, with large dark eyes and strangely pale aquiline features, seemed to find the task a particularly agreeable one, so much so that his attentions grew almost too marked before the end of the dance, and Milady came up to Mario, who was leaning against a door talking to me in a desultory fashion, and asked to be taken home.

On the day immediately following the Governor's ball, the first cloud appeared on the horizon. About seven o'clock in the evening a servant brought me a hurried note, asking me to come at once to Mario's house, as he had urgent need of my advice and help. Surprised and anxious, for I knew by experience that Mario had a way of getting into trouble with the foreign authorities, I proceeded on foot to the Palazzo d'Ivrea and was shown into a room on the first floor where I found Mario and his wife waiting for me.

The trouble, as Mario explained it, did not seem very serious. It appeared that, for reasons best known to themselves, the Austrian police had decided to arrest a little shopkeeper (a boot-maker, I think he was) and his two assistants on the charge of holding seditious meetings in a room at the back of their shop, meetings at which a lot

of abuse was aimed at the heads of the Emperor, of Metternich and of Radetzky, but which, for all the harm (from the Austrian point of view) that was likely to result, might never have been held at all. The three men having been warned by some friend among the police of their intended arrest, had taken refuge in the Palazzo d'Ivrea, and had begged Mario to protect them. This was annoying, certainly, but it did not seem to me that the matter was a serious one; even if the men were given up to the police they would probably only suffer a short term of imprisonment, or be fined, and the fine might be paid for them. I said as much to Mario, but he was not satisfied.

"I cannot give them up to the police," he said, "because when they arrived I promised to do my best for them, and of course when the police come to-morrow I cannot give my word of honor that they are not here, which would be the only way to prevent the house being searched."

"But why not let the police come and search for the men if they wish? You could surely find some cellar or dungeon in this old palace where they would not be found, and, as I said, even if they are found, you can easily arrange with the authorities that their sentence should be a light one."

"I would rather the police did not make a search through my house at present." Mario spoke gravely, but I could not understand his objection.

"They searched the house times out of number in the days after the siege; you used not to mind, I remember."

"Still, I repeat, I have a particular reason why they should not do so at present."

"Well," I exclaimed, "if you are going to be mysterious I am afraid I cannot help you much. What is your reason? Is the house stacked with arms or ammunition?"

"No, it is not that; I cannot tell you why."

I shrugged my shoulders irritably. "Why not get the men to leave the place?" I asked; "is the house watched?" He nodded assent.

Suddenly Milady turned to me and said: "If they could pass out unobserved could they not be taken to a place of safety?"

"Certainly," I answered, "they might go to my yacht, it is lying off the Lido; once on board, the captain could easily take them out to sea and land them somewhere on the coast further south; I could furnish them with money if necessary."

Milady turned to her husband and said irrelevantly: "There is a ball at the Dandolos' to-night, you know?"

Mario stared at her in astonishment. "What has that got to do with it?" he asked.

"Only this; that if the men could be hidden in my gondola, I could start from here as if I were going to the Dandolos' ball; the spies who are watching the house would only see the Princess in an opera-cloak, starting out for the evening, they would never think of following me, and I could take the men, as Luca suggests, to his yacht at the Lido."

Mario looked down at her admiringly and passed his hand caressingly over her fair hair. "There is something in that, little girl," he said, "that is not a bad idea at all! What do you think of it, Luca?"

"I think it would be a dangerous piece of work, and I don't think your precious shoemaker and his assistants are worth it!" I answered.

"You don't know all the circumstances," said Mario. "But the idea is a good one, I will go and see about getting the men into the gondola. You will stay to dinner, won't you, Luca?" I nodded carelessly and he left the room.

Milady looked at me; she was sitting by the fire, the light of the flame playing on her hair. "You don't approve, Luca?" she said.

"No, Milady, I don't approve."

"But Mario is right; we cannot have the police in the house just at present."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I will write an order for the captain of the yacht," I said, crossing over to a writing-table at the other end of the room.

Milady remained by the fire, watching the flames with thoughtful eyes.

Mario came back, saying that all was arranged, and we went in to dinner. It was not a cheerful meal, though Milady and Mario made labored efforts to appear at their ease. I was anxious and worried, and took no trouble to hide the fact. When dinner was over Milady went upstairs to dress for the part she was going to play, while Mario and I waited in the smoking-room.

"You're a fool, Mario, to let her go!" I said bluntly, as soon as we were alone.

"It cannot be helped," he answered. "I must be able to give my word to-morrow, when the police come, that they are not in the house."

Milady soon came downstairs again. She had put on a white ball dress, embroidered with gold lilies. She wore a heavy fur opera cloak on her shoulders, and there were diamonds in her hair; she was pale. We all went down to the hall and out to the steps together; it was a very fine night, the gondola lay at the foot of the steps rocking a little on the waves.

"I thought it best to leave it uncovered," said Mario, "it looks more innocent so."

"Where are the men?" asked Milady in a whisper.

"They are already inside," was the answer, "lying down, two under the seat and one with a rug thrown over him in the prow."

Milady shook hands with me, nodded gaily to Mario, and went down the steps to the gondola; a servant had spread a carpet for her feet, the light from the open door behind us shone on the golden lilies of her dress and flashed on the diamonds in her hair. She was very beautiful.

On the other side of the canal a covered gondola, seemingly empty, was moored to a little landing-stage. I noticed that Mario was watching it anxiously, and asked him if the spies were there? He nodded assent. Suddenly from round the corner of the palazzo there shot out into the canal a third gondola, rowed by sailors wearing the Austrian uniform. It was uncovered, and in it was seated an officer in the uniform of the Hungarian Hussars. We all gazed at it anxiously, hoping that it would pass on, but to our dismay it came swiftly up to the steps, and the hussar, who carried a large bunch of flowers in his hand, sprang out and offered them, bowing, to Milady. He was the Governor's aide-de-camp, the handsome young Hungarian whose attentions to Milady the night before had been the cause of our leaving the ball.

"Madame is going to the Palazzo Dandolo?" he asked in French, and Milady answered that she was.

"Alone?"

"Yes, the Prince did not enjoy going out to balls."

The hussar bowed to Mario and to me.

"Since Madame was going alone, and he also was on his way to the Palazzo Dandolo, might he not beg the hospitality of her gondola?"

Here was a dilemma! Mario and I waited anxiously for Milady's answer; we had not moved from the top of the steps; we were too much surprised and flustered by this new complication to know what to do or to say. But Milady

seemed quite calm and self-possessed.

"Certainly she would take the lieutenant to the Dandolos if he wished; she would be delighted to have his company!"

The hussar bowed once more to Mario and me, and we bowed gravely in return; for my life I could not have found anything to say. Then Milady entered her gondola, and the hussar, having told his men to proceed to the Palazzo Dandolo, followed and sat down beside her.

They moved off into the middle of the canal and soon swept out of sight. The covered gondola opposite, that was apparently empty, remained immovable as before.

All that night Mario and I walked up and down the smoking-room and fumed and fretted in a very agony of suspense. Now and then one of us would go out to a balcony over the canal and look towards the Lido, without quite knowing what we expected or hoped to see.

What would happen? What had happened? Had the Hungarian (Saidowich was his name) noticed the hidden men when he entered the gondola? There was just a remote possibility of his not doing so. And if he had, would he betray them and Milady to the police? It seemed hardly likely, and yet—

And Milady, how would she act? The fact that it was partly his fault did not lessen Mario's anxiety; he raved and stormed till I thought he would have gone mad. Once he sent to the Palazzo Dandolo to ask the Count privately if Milady were there. The answer came back that she was not. Then he sent again to ask if Saidowich was there (a message which might have somewhat damaged Milady's reputation if Dandolo had been a fool, which luckily he was not), but Saidowich was not there, and had not

been all the evening. Once a man-servant came into the room and whispered some message into Mario's ear, and he left the room, saying that he had to go upstairs to see his father, who was paralyzed and living in a big sunny room near the top of the house and saw nobody but his doctors and most intimate friends. Mario's father had been a great politician in his day, but in that year, 1851, he was already nearing death. Mario came down looking calmer, a fact which surprised me at the time, but I said nothing.

At last, about four o'clock, when the sky was just beginning to look gray over the roofs, we heard the call of the gondoliers below, and before we could get downstairs Milady had entered the house and was standing in the hall. She was very pale, almost haggard, and took Mario's arm without a word; we all walked in silence to the smoking-room, where Milady threw herself with a sigh into an arm-chair.

"It is all right," she said at last, "the men have escaped."

"Confound the men," said Mario, "and you."

"Oh! I'm all right too, I suppose; but oh, Mario, what a night I have passed!"

"What's become of the Hungarian?" asked Mario.

"I don't know," said Milady.

"You don't know? But didn't he come with you?"

"Oh yes, he came; he noticed the men at the bottom of the boat, of course; they kept moving about."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that I could not get out of Venice with them, as the town is surrounded by a cordon of police, who examine every boat and gondola that goes out. It is a new order of the Governor's, it seems."

Mario and I stared blankly at each other; we had forgotten that new order.

"And then?"

"Oh! and then he offered to take me past the cordon; he said that they would not stop us if they saw his uniform, they would think it was all right."

"The deuce! That was kind and disinterested."

There was almost a sneer in Milady's voice as she replied: "I forgot to say that he named a price."

"The infernal scoundrel!"

"Oh, it's all right! You need not be alarmed," there was no mistaking the sneer now; "on our way back from the yacht, about half way across the lagoon, we were stopped by one of the military gondolas with an officer in it bearing orders for the Graf von Saldu-
wich to proceed immediately to the Governor's palace; he changed into the other boat then and there, and I came home."

We all sat silent a minute or two. Taken by itself the story was an exceedingly lame one; had any other woman but Milady told it to me I would have frankly disbelieved it, but Milady—well, Milady could not lie, I knew that much; she might leave part of the truth untold—I suspected she was doing so even then—but, after all, if things had gone wrong it seemed to me that Mario could blame no one but himself. We were still sitting, staring moodily in front of us, when the sight of Milady's ball dress made me start; there was nothing strange about it, but it reminded me of something.

"Hallo, Mario," I said. "Do you remember that you're giving a ball to-night?"

"Giving a ball?" repeated Mario blankly.

"Yes, to-day is the sixth; you've invited half Venice, if I remember rightly, and young Dandolo is to lead the cotillon."

"Good heavens—I had clean forgotten! We must put it off."

"You have no earthly excuse for putting it off," said I.

"Oh no, don't put it off," said Milady, "it would look as if something were wrong."

I walked home that night, or rather that morning, for the sun was shining when I left the Palazzo d'Ivrea, in excellent spirits. In my opinion Mario had not behaved quite as he should have done in the affair of the three men's escape, and it amused me to think of his having to stand half the evening at the top of the staircase assuring elderly dowagers that it was so kind of them to have come!

As I walked over the bridge that crosses the Grand Canal close to the Palazzo d'Ivrea, I noticed, rather to my surprise, that the covered gondola, from which Mario had said that the police spies were watching the front of his house, had disappeared. If Mario's suspicion had been well founded, the house was being watched no longer, in other words the police knew that the birds had flown. The incident, as I said, surprised me, but I thought that after all it was merely a sign that the whole affair had blown over. As it happened, however, I was wrong; the affair had not blown over; far from it.

When I arrived once more that evening at Mario's house, I realized with considerable amusement that the ball promised to be a great success. The whole façade of the Palazzo had been illuminated with blue lamps, a broad striped awning had been placed over the carpeted steps, up to which a long row of gondolas was continually moving, bringing the guests, who passed in to the hall and up the staircase (both decorated with flowers) among a double row of lackeys in white and silver liveries.

At the top of the stairs, as I had expected, were Mario and Milady, she in a splendid gown of black velvet, with a triple row of pearls round her neck,

and Mario wearing the star and ribbon of a great order, and pretty successfully hiding his boredom as he shook hands and smiled, and told people, whose name he could not have remembered to save his life, that he was charmed to see them and hoped they were in good health.

I gravely shook hands like the rest, and told Mario that I was delighted to see him looking so well, at which he stared at me for a second in astonishment and then told me under his breath to go to the devil, which was rude.

In the ball-room there was the usual crowd of pretty girls, and chaperons, and Austrian officers in uniform, and young Venetians who looked as if they had taken three hours each to dress and were satisfied with the result. At the *buffet* a considerable number of heated individuals were consuming sandwiches and *paté de foie-gras* and drinking champagne, the latter of a brand that Mario, who had an excellent cellar, would have no more dreamt of touching himself than he would of wasting his really good wines on people who did not know the difference between hock and Normandy cider.

I looked about for Saidowich, but he was not there, nor was the Governor, which was odd, for that poor man was blessed with three rather plain marriageable daughters, and used generally to be the first to arrive at and the last to leave any entertainment to which he was invited. I was still wondering at his absence, when an old French countess, who had come to Venice with introductions to Milady, pounced upon me and made me take her off to the *buffet*, where she kept me fully half an hour.

When we got back to the ball-room, a quadrille was in progress. Mario was dancing it with the Countess Dan-dolo, with an air of imperfect resignation; as we entered the room, however,

a servant hurriedly crossed the floor, and whispered something in his ear; I saw his face grow blank, and then, noticing me in the doorway, he beckoned to me to follow him, and, leaving his astonished and offended partner in the lurch, strode out of the room and down the stairs.

I followed as quickly as I could, and as we came out on to the staircase I saw in the hall below a little group of Austrian officers apparently waiting. "Who is it?" I asked Mario as we ran down the steps, "the Governor?"

"Heaven help us, Luca," he answered, turning towards me, "it's Radetzky!"

"Radetzky!" I cried, in such amazement that I stumbled and had to catch hold of the broad marble banister. "In Venice?"

"Yes; let us hope for the best!"

We had reached the bottom of the steps, and Mario, holding himself straight as a dart, walked proudly towards a long table at the end of the hall, where, in the light of a large oil lamp and surrounded by his officers, sat the man whose name in that year 1851 was synonymous from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhenian sea and from the Alps to Naples with all that was most cruel and most pitiless in the hated foreign rule, with wholesale massacres of half armed, maddened peasants, with terrible reprisals on hapless towns which had weakly attempted rebellion against the Austrian yoke, with treachery, with savage repression and sinister memories of down-trodden provinces, "pacified" by fire and sword.

He it was who, obliged to fly from Milan during the "five days' revolution" in 1848, and defeated by Charles Albert of Piedmont at Goito and Pastrengo so that he had to retire into the quadrilateral of Verona, had in '49 beaten the Piedmontese back over the Lombard frontier, retaken Milan, and

during the amnesty laid siege to Venice, and obliged the revolutionary republic to capitulate after twenty-four days of merciless bombardment. He it was, who had beaten Charles Albert again, when the amnesty was over, and had been the cause of his abdication; and even then the Lombard and Venetian provinces were being "pacified," by his methods and Brescia, a few days before, had felt the weight of his hand.

There he sat, a little, wizened old man in a green coat with a marshal's hat lying on the table beside him, and his long, curved sword, that seemed much too big for him, between his knees. We had thought him far away in Vienna or in Milan, and now he was back. "Well!" as Mario said, "God help us!"

These things I thought of as I stood in the hall watching him as he talked to Mario, while the guests, astonished, offended and alarmed (for the news of his coming had run like wild-fire through the crowded rooms upstairs) trooped down the stairs to their gondolas, glancing nervously as they passed at the strange group by the table, but not pausing a minute to say good-bye to their host.

Soon they were all gone, and Milady came down the stairs and walked across the hall to her husband's side. I do not know what Radetzky had been saying to Mario, but when he saw Milady he rose and bowed to her, and then sank back into his chair; he was a very old man.

"And so this is the lady," he said smiling gently, "who helps our rebels to escape from justice, with the aid of her kind friends?" here he glanced at me. "Well, well! It is an agreeable pose for a woman to take an interest in politics, and a very harmless one, all told; do not fear, princess, we shall not quarrel over a pair of bootmaker's assistants, the Austrian empire will not fall if one more or less of such

wretches fail to receive their deserts." The voice was suave and courteous.

Milady answered smiling, "Your Excellency is most kind—"

"If we have done wrong," interrupted Mario, "we are ready to pay the penalty."

Radetzky still smiled; he never lost his temper, but he was not less cruel because he kept himself well in hand.

"Oh! *mon cher Prince*, it is not for you or your charming Princess, or even for our dear friend Della Riva," and he bowed gravely to me, "to talk of paying the penalty of your little indiscretions; *you* are above the law; others perhaps," and here the gentle voice became hard and rasping, "others less privileged may suffer, and will suffer," he glanced meaningly at Milady, "but *you*," with a courteous wave of his gloved hand, "or such as *you*, never, if I can help it."

"Who do you mean by others?" asked Mario.

"No one, my dear Prince, whose welfare you have at heart. Indeed, I do not know why I should tell you—it cannot matter to you in the least; I was merely thinking, when I spoke, of an aide-de-camp of the Governor's, a foolish young hussar who committed a breach of discipline and will have of course to pay the price; Saidowich is his name—you may have met him sometimes during the winter."

"Was the breach of discipline a grave one?"

"The gravest; he was court-martialled this evening on the charge of high treason; is it not sad?"

"And the sentence?"

"He will be shot to-morrow morning at sunrise."

For a minute none of us spoke; I glanced at Milady, she was leaning, white and terrified, against the marble balustrade of the stairs; I half expected her to ask forgiveness for the man who was to die for her sake (we all

understood what Radetzky had meant by a "breach of discipline"), but she was silent—perhaps too horrified to speak, perhaps realizing how little hope there could ever be of Radetzky showing mercy.

Mario spoke at last: "The penalty is a heavy one!"

"Oh, my friend, Saidowich is a soldier, and a soldier in a great army; were he a brigand or an officer in some rebel corps his treachery might be pardoned, but as it is—" he looked up at Mario, still smiling kindly; Mario had been the captain of a volunteer battalion during the siege.

Milady was crying, with her bare arms folded on the marble balustrade, and her head bent down on them. Radetzky did not ask the reason for her tears, he only glanced at her and smiled. Suddenly there came from the floor above the sound of a door opening and closing, and then a footstep on the stairs. We all glanced up, and as we did so there came down the stairs a little man in a black suit, wearing a pair of heavy gold spectacles through which there looked two kindly, twinkling gray eyes. It was a quiet, homely face, and seemed strangely familiar, though I could not remember ever having seen it before. Then a muttered word from one of the Austrian officers made me start and stare and rub my eyes, half doubting my own senses, and then stare again in an amazement too great for words.

What could this man be doing in Venice, in Mario's house, and, oh! sublime irony of fate! in the same room with Radetzky? For this little man in his black suit, whose large forehead and gold spectacles and general look of moony good-nature used to remind Englishmen whom he met of Dickens's Mr Pickwick, this man was destined, by the grace of God, to give Italy her liberty and her place among the nations. Camillo Benso, Count Cavour,

was then in his forty-first year, and minister of marine, agriculture, commerce and finance to His Majesty Victor Emanuel of Savoy, King of Piedmont and Sardinia. He stepped down to where Milady stood with her drooping head on her arms, and, laying his hand on the soft masses of fair hair, he asked gently:

"What is wrong, dear lady; can I help you?"

But Milady could not answer, she only took his hand in hers and held it so, still weeping; the sudden horror that had been brought home to her by the Austrian's suave words had left her for the moment incapable of thought or of speech. Cavour's eyes glanced round the room and lighted on the group at the table. "Ah! Radetzky!" he said quietly, "is that you?"

Radetzky's astonishment was immense, but he was not a man to lose his wits. "At your service, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "and I must ask you to pardon my indiscretion and to tell me, as Governor-general of these provinces, how it is that you are here?"

The old man's voice was no longer suave, he had it less under control—which, indeed, was not to be wondered at, for if the great minister's presence in Mario's house appeared almost miraculous to me, it must have seemed doubly so to him. To have entered Venice or Lombardy Cavour should have presented a passport countersigned by the Austrian ambassador at Turin; if he had done so Radetzky would certainly have been informed of the fact, and if, on the contrary, he had entered under a false name or had eluded the vigilance of the frontier officials he now risked arrest and imprisonment by showing himself.

The explanation was really very simple. Cavour had come to Venice to see Mario's father, whose friend he was, and for whom he entertained a deep and

lasting affection despite the difference of age that existed between them. Mario's father had, in fact, helped the great statesman not a little in his career. Hearing that his old friend was nearing his end, and desiring to see him once more, Cavour had obtained through Count Apponyl, the Austrian ambassador at Turin, a special order from the government at Vienna to allow this visit, an order which, for several reasons, and especially to obviate the danger of his presence in Venice becoming generally known (a very real danger it would have been to the Austrian government in those days) had been made out simply to "bearer," and contained instructions to all officials concerned to render the journey of the "said bearer" through the Italian provinces of the Austrian empire as easy and as secret as possible.

Cavour had obtained this permission to visit his old friend with some difficulty, for he was not a *persona grata* at the Austrian Court, and one of the conditions under which it had been accorded him was that he should hold no communication, when in Venice, with any Italians outside the household of the Prince d'Ivrea. All these facts, however, I learned afterwards, and I could only guess at the time that all was well from the fact that Radetzky on reading the passport that the Italian minister drew forth from his pocket, made no further comment on his presence in Mario's house.

The scene which followed was an interesting one. I do not know whether Cavour had met Radetzky before; probably he had, but certainly they never met under stranger circumstances. Watching them as they stood thus, the old bent soldier with his wrinkled, brown face, holding his long curved sword in his shaking hands, and the quiet, mild-mannered minister, it was easy to forget their personalities and their official rank, and to see repre-

sented in them the two great forces which, since the days of the French Revolution, had never ceased to struggle for supremacy in Europe.

On one hand the "old régime," manfully fighting to stem the current that it knew must overwhelm it in the end, striving to bar the way of the world's progress, to guide the destinies of states, not for the good of the people but according to the whims of absolute monarchs, ignoring every claim of justice and of freedom and appealing, in order to justify the vileness of the means they used, to the majesty of tradition, to divine right, and to the sacredness of compacts signed and sealed in the name of the most Holy Alliance. On the other hand liberty of conscience, speech and print, freedom from foreign oppression and the heavy yoke of priesthood, a policy seeking the welfare of the people, not merely that of a dynasty, and a place for each nation among its fellows on the stage of the world's history. These are but words, and in our days of peace and prosperity they seem to convey little meaning, yet men had died and were dying in that year 1851 for the principles that such words expressed, men who rejoiced even in death that, since the victory of such principles was only to be bought at the price of blood, theirs should be the lot to suffer that others might enjoy.

While Radetzky and his officers were examining the passport Mario whispered to Cavour the story of the escape of the men and the consequent disgrace and sentence of the young hussar; perhaps the Italian minister, quick reasoner that he was, realized even then how Mario had decided to risk his wife's safety rather than allow the police to search his house while it sheltered so great an enemy of Austria.

At any rate, as soon as Radetzky handed back the passport with a curt

"It is well," he asked him if the sentence of the unfortunate Saidowich could not be condoned.

"I do not wish to interfere in any way with the administration of justice," he said, "nor do I ask that this officer should be pardoned as a special favor to myself, but if there is any service I can render, any price I can pay, as minister of Piedmont, in exchange for his pardon, I am willing to pay this price, provided that in doing so I am not obliged to act in opposition to my country's interests."

"Do you intend to make a diplomatic question of it?" asked Radetzky.

"If you prefer that the transaction should be a private one, I have no objection."

Radetzky smiled. "You would make your country pay a price," he observed, "to prevent a traitorous Austrian officer from getting his deserts—and two personal friends of your own suffering from sentimental twinges of conscience in consequence."

"Excuse me, I would make my country pay a price in order that one who helped the cause which I serve should not suffer for his act, and in order that two personal friends of my own should have cause to be grateful to the government of which I am part, and to the King, my master, whose subjects they may yet become."

"And what guarantee shall I have that the price will be paid?"

"The written promise of a minister of Piedmont."

Radetzky sat deep in thought, while we waited for the answer that was to decide Saidowich's fate; at last it came; the old man stood up, and said curtly: "I accept your offer, Monsieur le Comte; the Graf von Saidowich shall be pardoned, and will continue his career as if nothing had happened."

"And the price?"

"And the price—if you do not mind, I would prefer the price to remain a

secret between myself and your government."

"Certainly; shall we go and talk in here?" Cavour led the way into a room that opened out of the hall, and which had been used that evening as a cloak-room; there were two long tables across it, and the floor was all littered with cardboard labels with numbers printed on them; a lamp stood on one of the tables, and as the two statesmen talked we could see them quite plainly, for they had not closed the door.

I crossed over to Milady. "It will be all right now, princess," I said, "he will obtain the pardon."

"Oh! Luca," she answered, "if he could!"

Cavour came out once to get some writing materials, and then went back. They were a long time talking and writing; the Austrian *aides-de-camp* strolled up and down, and stole covert glances at Milady; I thought, with some amusement, that if they knew anything of Saidowich's story they would probably fight shy of her in future; Mario had gone to the door, and was staring out on the Grand Canal. At last the two men came back into the hall; Radetzky held a paper in his hand; he walked straight up to Milady.

"Your friend the Graf von Saidowich," he said, "will leave Venice to-morrow; the order for his departure and consequent separation from yourself will, I assure you, be all the punishment that we will inflict on him for his little indiscretion. I have only to advise you to let politics alone in future, even though it should fall to others to pay the price of your mistakes!" He bowed and turned on his heel. Then, including Cavour, Mario and myself in a general salute, walked out to his gondola followed by his suite.

We heard the voices of Mario's servants on the steps outside calling the gondollers, then the low splash of oars

in the water. The servants came in and closed the doors.

Cavour was looking up into Milady's pale face—she was taller than he by two inches—and his gray eyes twinkled behind his spectacles: "And now, dear princess," he said, "I, too, have a little request to make!"

"You, count?" said Milady. "Oh, what can I do for you? If only you would tell me a way of showing my gratitude!"

"I shall be delighted to do so, my dear lady; the splendid entertainment that you were so kind as to offer to your friends to-night brought a little confusion in its train, did it not? I am ashamed to confess the fact, but I am just a little hungry; you see, the servants forgot to bring me any dinner, and I—"

"You haven't had any dinner? Oh! I am so sorry, what an awful mistake! but let us all go to supper—I am sure there are heaps left—everybody fled when they heard that Radetzky was in the house!"

"Then all I can say, my dear lady, is that he has earned my gratitude!"

And we all went in to supper.

So ends my story. Like Milady's account of the three men's escape, I am bound to confess, on reading it over, that it ends rather lamely, but then, I have noticed, many true stories do. I never knew, nor did Mario, what the price was that Cavour paid for Saidowich's pardon. Who knows what Radetzky could have wanted, what the Italian minister could have given? Both the principal actors of that scene in the hall of Mario's house died before Venice was ceded to the House of Savoy, and became a part of United Italy, and Mario and I never saw either of them again. Saidowich I met once, many years afterwards, in Rome; he had married, and left the army for the diplomatic service. He was introduced to me at a dinner-party; I do not think

he remembered ever having met me before, and as he was with his wife, and therefore any question concerning old times might have been indiscreet,

Temple Bar.

I did not remind him. Some memories are like sleeping dogs, it is best to let them lie.

Daniele B. Varé.

CIVILIZATION AND BABYLONIA.

The connection which exists between the Old Testament and Babylon is of undoubted importance and of great interest; at the same time, the very great stress which has been laid upon this aspect of the results of research is apt to lead to an underrating of the influence of Babylonian civilization upon the world at large apart from religion, an influence which is traceable down to the present day. It may be well, therefore, to call attention to the debt which the civilized world owes to Babylon, without entering into any considerations which are connected with the history of religion.

All antiquity recognizes the Chaldeans as excellent astronomers and mathematicians, and the accounts we have of them in the classical writers show that they did not occupy themselves merely with astrology and mathematical trifling, but that they carried on these studies in a scientific way. Not, however, till the cuneiform inscriptions were studied in our own times had any idea been obtained of the astonishing thoroughness and precision of this knowledge. For modern astronomy the observations and calculations of the Babylonians are not only of historic interest, but also of actual practical value; for instance, in the determination of such matters as the movements of the moon; and so we are led to the conclusion that ancient astronomy by no means dates from the Alexandrian scientists, but that

they only carried on what the Babylonians had begun.

Moreover, Greek science and philosophy had been undoubtedly influenced by Babylonian knowledge and Babylonian ideas at a much earlier period. Among other things, it has been shown of late that the Pythagorean theorem was known in India long before the time of Pythagoras. Independent development at both places is improbable, and that Greek views could have been influenced by India at so early a date is almost out of the question. But India was certainly influenced by Babylonia in matters relating to astronomy and mathematics, and so we may assume that in this respect the knowledge of India and Greece was drawn from a common source, the science of Babylon.

We owe our whole method of measuring time to the Babylonians. The dials of our clocks, with the division of the hour circle into sixty, and the three hundred and sixty degrees of the circle in our mathematics and geography, are witnesses to the fact that the influence of ancient Babylonia is in active operation still. The Babylonians rounded off the three hundred and sixty-five days of the apparent revolution of the sun into three hundred and sixty. This led to the division of the orbit of the sun, of the celestial equator, and of every great circle into three hundred and sixty degrees. The solar year is approximately equal

to twelve revolutions of the moon; hence the division of the ecliptic into twelve (signs of the zodiac), with thirty degrees in each division. The moon takes twenty-seven days before it returns to its position near a given star; hence the division of the orbit of the moon into the twenty-seven stations of the moon, which found its way from Babylonia to India and China. The vault of the heavens passes before the eye of the observer once in a day of twenty-four hours according to our reckoning, in an equinoctial night in twelve hours; a sign of the Zodiac is therefore the twelfth of a complete day, that is equal to two hours. Thus was the oldest measure of time, the Babylonian double hour, gained; in course of time it was accurately determined and retained by primitive methods such as sand and water clocks, apart from observation. A smaller natural measure to be found in the sky was the time in which the sun or moon in their daily or nightly course apparently advance by their own diameter. As the sun, when totally eclipsed, is completely covered by the disc of the moon, there could be no noteworthy difference between the two. Probably it was by comparing the disc of the full moon with the apparent distances between stars as determined in celestial degrees that the diameter of the moon and therefore of the sun was found to be about half a degree, that is, the sixtieth of a sign of the Zodiac, or, expressed in time, the sixtieth of a double hour, or a double minute, a fact which was verified later on by somewhat more complicated means; for instance, by the occultation of stars and by the water level. Thus, two measures of time were found in the sky which stood to each other in the relation of sixty to one, and that is the foundation of the sexagesimal system, which was further developed by certain algebraic and geometric considerations. This

system spread over the whole known civilized world, and we can trace its operations from Iceland to China, where to this day time is measured in cycles of sixty years. Wherever we find as round numbers sixty, as in the French *soixante-dix*, or one hundred and twenty, as in the German "*Grosshundert*," or six hundred, as with the Romans, this intrusion in our numerical system is a remnant of Babylonian influence. The moon traverses the road between new moon and full moon four-and-twenty times in the year; the twelve double hours were replaced by the twenty-four hours of the complete day, the subdivision into sixty parts being retained, and we have our own division of time.

Moreover, the Babylonians not only had a scientific system for measuring space, in which, as in the metric system, capacity and weight were functions of the measure of length, they also connected the measures of time and space in a manner the ingenious simplicity of which is astounding. The oldest Babylonian measure of length we know of was the double ell, which was equal to 992 1-3 millimetres. The tenth part of this formed the edge of the cube, which was the normal measure of capacity. Filled with water at a given temperature, this measure of capacity became the normal measure of weight, the Babylonian *ordinary mina*, which was equal to 982.4 grammes. Sixty minæ made one talent. The *light mina*, weighing 491.2 grammes, was a measure of weight known throughout the whole of antiquity, and it lived on in many modern standards—for instance, in the French pound, which weighs 489.5 grammes. The sixtieth part, 8.19 grammes, and, after subtraction of 1 per cent. for the cost of minting, 8.10 grammes, formed the unit of gold of the Lydian gold coins and Cæsar's aureus; fifty such gold units made the

Babylonian gold mina, weighing 409.3 grammes. This still exists in the Russian pound, which weighs 409.52 grammes, and the subdivisions of which are called to this day *zolotniki*, from the Russian word for *gold*, *zoloto*.

The gold units gave rise to weights of silver, in the ratio 360 (sun) to 27 (moon) = $40:3 = 13\frac{1}{3}:1$, which corresponded approximately to the actual relative value of the precious metals at the time of the introduction of the system. So, although they did not possess coined money, there was a Babylonian double currency, and it was of great importance in the economic development of antiquity. The same may be said of the fixed ratio of silver to copper, which was determined at $1:120$, so that one silver mina was equal to 120 copper minæ. All the variations of the ancient weights and measures are rooted in the Babylonian system.

The way in which they connected the measures of time and space was this: In one minute a sturdy pedestrian can take 120 (twice 60!) steps of three-quarters of a double ell each, therefore he can walk 90 double ells in one minute and 360 double ells in four minutes. Four minutes is $1-360$ th of a day, or one degree. In a double hour the steps taken amount to 10,800 double ells. In this way the double hour became an earthly measure, from which were developed the ancient measures of distance.

Thus science was made serviceable to the cause of international commerce and traffic, of which Babylonia and Babylon were always the centre in olden times, and we may well suppose that not only the weights and measures, but also the legal customs and standards, made their way with the wares, so that much which the Romans adopted from the regulations of the nations with whom they came into contact originated in the first instance

in Babylonia. Indeed, the newly-discovered code of Hammurabi shows the important part which Babylon played in the development of the entire system of law in the Western Asiatic and European civilization.

In the matter of writing the Babylonians were the teachers of many ancient nations. The range of the Babylonian cuneiform script and of the systems which were developed from it stretches from Transcaucasia to the Persian Gulf, from the high lands of Iran to Egypt and Cyprus. And the use as a writing material of clay, which was plentiful enough in Babylonia but must have been often difficult to obtain in other places, extended further still; for the clay tablets recently discovered in Crete, which bear a script that may date from before the times of Greece, undoubtedly bear witness to the influence of Babylon,

Another of our most important means of communication in war and peace we owe indirectly to the Babylonians—namely, the horse. At any rate, they had much to do with the introduction of the “ass of the East” into Western Asia.

It is well known, too, that the Babylonians were proficient in fancy weaving and in tapestry work, and also that ornamentation and even sculpture depend upon tapestry work, since the tapestries hung up in the tent become the models for the decoration of the walls in metal or stone bas-reliefs, when the tent gives place to more solid dwelling places. Both in execution and in design, the still living tapestry industry of the East can be traced in great part back to Babylonia.

Another valuable heritage from Babylonia is the art of making faience and majolica ware. When the Islamite Arabs erected a dominion in Mesopotamia, which was both politically and socially their greatest, they revived many of the dwindling and

stunted elements of native civilization, and it was the Arabs who carried the art of baking enamelled earthenware to Spain, whence it spread over Western Europe. In the lion, the wild bull, and the "dragon" of Babylon, as well as in the splendid ornamentation from Nebuchadnezzar's throne-room, which the excavations of the German *Orient-Gesellschaft* have brought to light, masterpieces of decorative tile-work of the best period have been given back to us.

The lion, wild bull, and dragon are further proofs of the well-known mastery of the Babylonians and Assyrians in the representation of animals. This mastery is also shown in the productions of Babylonian gem-carving, an art for which there was wide scope in the cylindrical or die-shaped seals, which were indispensable for the authentication of the clay tablets. It is universally recognized that the development of engraving, both as regards technical details and artistic expression, is due to the Babylonians.

There are other domains in which we can only say at present that the influence of Babylonia is probable, and that there are a few striking coincidences, which may make it worth while to search further.

From inscriptions and representations we know that the Babylonians and Assyrians carried the art of besieging to great perfection. The Greeks, on the contrary, as long as they were politically independent, never got beyond the rudiments. Now, when we see that before the conquest of Asia under Alexander the Great had begun King Philip introduced many important innovations in the besieging art into Macedonia, we shall be inclined to conclude that Eastern influences—that is to say, in its origins, Babylonian and Assyrian influence—were at work, and we shall find that this most important ancient European

monarchy did not remain free from Oriental influence in other respects.

The Orientals, and before them the Babylonians of the oldest time, used colors in the field in the same way as we do; for them also the "flag" was the symbol and representative of the ruler, and of the god for whom he and they were fighting; they also rendered it due honor.

Theocracy also—and that in the form of the apotheosis of the living ruler—which played so great a part in the development of the monarchy in antiquity, has one of its oldest roots in ancient Babylon.

In the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus there is a description of how the news of the fall of Troy was carried in one night to Mycenæ by fiery signals from mountain to mountain. The Greeks considered this fire post to be an invention of the Persians, but of late the Babylonian inscriptions seem to suggest that it also had its origin in Babylonia, and so the much-lauded Persian arrangements for the rapid transit of persons and messages probably originated in great part with the older conquerors and rulers of Asia.

The few points I have mentioned show how great and how lasting was the work of the Babylonians in the past. In conclusion, I wish to touch upon one point which concerns the future.

The two streams were once the veins of life of Babylon and Mesopotamia. Babylonia, which was formerly perhaps the most fertile country on the face of the earth, might become again a flourishing land, if, but only if, the ancient native system of drainage, irrigation, and canalization were revived. It is true that the skill of modern engineering would soon be able to surpass what was achieved in the past. The most important point would be the regulation of the streams in the upper part of their course, as the rise of the

waters depends upon the melting of the snow in the Armenian mountains. The mountain aqueducts and irrigation works, some of which are still in action, of the ancient inhabitants of Armenia would furnish excellent models. A great change, however, would have to take place in the condition of that unhappy land before engineering works on a large scale could possibly be begun there.

In any case, if Babylonian civilization
The Nineteenth Century and After.

tion is to be revived in the land of its origin, the past, the present, and the future, must be taken into consideration together. I am giving expression to my earnest conviction, and not advocating any Utopia, when I say that it would be perfectly possible to carry out the excavations for the discovery of the old civilization and the plans for the inauguration of a new civilization hand in hand.

C. F. Lehmann.

FRENCH POLITICS.

French politics have for many years been a puzzle to Englishmen. More than thirty years ago we heard from M. Thiers that Frenchmen belonged in feeling to the Left Centre, that they disliked extreme policies, and only asked to be left alone to do their own business in their own way. All that was known of the facts seemed to point to the same conclusion, and during the period of M. Thiers supremacy it was borne out by the course of events. But that period was a brief one, and with its close began a series of efforts to commit France to one or other of those very extremes which she was supposed to dislike. In the first instance, the blame must certainly be laid on the reactionaries. They overthrew M. Thiers by a combination of daring Royalists and timid Conservatives, and, under the Government of Marshal Macmahon, sowed the seeds of the confusion which has existed in France ever since. They completely alienated the sober and inactive Conservatism on which Thiers had relied by making the overthrow of the Republic and the committal of the country to a fresh series of dynastic experiments the main objects of their policy.

The alarm thus excited overthrew the Monarchical reaction, and established the Republic as the permanent Government of France. It might have been thought, therefore, that the moderation of the French people would now have a free course, and that the Republic, at last placed beyond risk of attack, would be governed on the lines which Thiers had marked out for it. Had Thiers lived this would possibly have been the case, but Governments need a driving-wheel, and with Thiers gone, the Moderate majority were unable to supply one. Dislike of reaction and the wish to see the Republic secure, led the mass of Frenchmen to acquiesce in the supremacy of the Radical minority, who could at least furnish the Republic with active defenders. From that time onwards there has been a steady succession of more and more Radical Ministries, culminating in that of M. Combes. Those who know France best are of opinion that M. Combes' adventurous policy is not really popular in the country, but as French Moderates have ordinarily no other method of showing their dislike to a Government than by staying away from the polls, M. Combes can afford to disre-

gard them so long as he can command the effective support of the Radicals.

It is once more, however, becoming uncertain how long this support will be given him. Radicals are not the whole Chamber, and so soon as a sufficient number of them begin to think that the Minister of their choice is putting in peril the conquests already made, they can count upon the help of the Conservatives in defeating his measures, or, at least, depriving them of their worst features. It seems as if a temporary coalition of this kind were not far off. M. Combes has against him the strong personality of his predecessor. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is the author of the Associations Law, and, so far, of the special policy of the present Government. Whether he was really of opinion that the religious orders had obtained a dangerous amount of power in the country, or thought it necessary to make further concessions to the Radical and Socialist element in the Chamber, and chose this question as least likely to arouse dangerous opposition, is uncertain, but he kept his majority unbroken during the passage of the Bill through the Chamber, and handed it on to M. Combes. Why he resigned office, after the Bill had become law, and left the application of it to others, it is difficult to say. The reason assigned was ill-health and the necessity of rest, but a statesman's ill-health is sometimes as much political as physical, and it is not impossible that this was so with M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The really unpopular part of the new law was the application of it. Frenchmen are accustomed to strong language in Acts of Parliament; it is not till they come to be put in force by the *gens d'armes* that they trouble themselves much about their meaning. It is not necessary, however, to credit M. Waldeck-Rousseau with a simple desire to avoid an unpleasant task. He might conceivably

have argued that the execution of the Associations Law was certain to make any Government disliked, and that if the head of this Government were himself, the only alternative would be a more or less reactionary Cabinet. Whatever his motive may have been, he abdicated at the height of his power, and left M. Combes to finish his work. M. Combes asked nothing better. He is an ex-priest, and he is never so happy as when he is legislating against the religion he has abandoned. He is quite unlike M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who is an Opportunist, whereas M. Combes has a passion for abstract political theory which would have done honor to the Jacobin Club. In his hands the Associations Law was strained to the uttermost. Meanings were read into it which its authors had rejected by anticipation, and, with occasional exceptions dictated by prudence, it was carried out with much breaking of bolts and affixing of seals. But M. Combes soon found that a law dissolving the congregations helped him very little where the teaching orders are concerned. Schools were no longer carried on by a Congregation, but they were only transferred to the secularized members of the congregation. In M. Combes' eyes this was no real improvement. The object of his desire is to make France, so far as education is concerned, cease to be a Catholic country, and how can this result be looked for so long as so many French parents prefer to entrust their children to priests and nuns? Accordingly the *Loi Falloux* was next assailed, and battle joined upon the question how far the interference with the right of opening schools secured by that statute should be pushed. There are large differences of opinion in the Ministerial majority, whether the prohibition should be limited to the members of unauthorized religious congregations, or should be extended to all congrega-

tions, authorized and unauthorized, or, further, to all who have at any time been members of a religious congregation, or, further still, to the whole body of the clergy, secular as well as regular. Upon these points the Ministers are not agreed among themselves, for the Minister of Public Instruction has introduced in the Senate a Bill which falls very far short of M. Combes' wishes in the matter. This has not prevented M. Combes from supporting, in principle, an amendment of which M. Gerard has given notice. The object of this amendment is to give leave to open a secondary school only to those who can declare that they have never taken vows of obedience or celibacy, thus shutting out all the orders and all the clergy. M. Combes thinks that even this proposal does not go far enough. Instead of confining the prohibition to secondary schools, he will bring in a Bill during the present session extending it to all schools so far as members of religious orders are concerned, while, as regards the secular clergy, the Government will reserve their decision until the separation of Church and State has been decided on, which he hopes it will be in the course of 1904.

As M. Waldeck-Rousseau has already declared himself opposed to M. Girard's amendment, it is hardly possible that he can support the Government in either of these proposals. He will probably carry with him his own special group, the Republican Union, and he would then be able, in the event of M. Combes' defeat, to form a Cabinet resting in part on the Right and the

anti-Ministerial Republicans. What chances of permanence—as Ministers count permanence in France—such a combination would have it would be rash to say, but one element of danger to which it would until now have been exposed may be regarded as out of the way. In the past, a Ministry of Moderate Radicals has never long commanded even the neutrality of the Right. The Reactionaries have always held that things must be worse before they are better, and they have, therefore, combined with the Extreme Left to defeat every Moderate Cabinet in turn. M. Combes' experiment ought to have shown them that things do not always become better by growing worse. When the Associations Law was drastically put in execution, the Right probably believed, and believed with some reason, that the result would be to make the Government so disliked as to ensure its expulsion from office. Nothing of the kind has happened, and if the Right have any power of learning left them, they must see that nothing is gained by putting Socialists and violent Radicals in power, in the belief that they will so use it as to secure their own overthrow at the hands of a nation wearied with their excesses. If it should turn out that the Right have mastered this elementary truth, a very real step will have been taken towards the establishment of more moderate counsels in France, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau is, in many ways, the man to make good use of the opportunity which such a change will put in his hands.

The Economist.

A WALK UP ETNA.

Etna is different from all other mountains. Many gentlemen who had been in Switzerland have talked to me as you do (*i.e.* lightly) before they ascended Etna, but when they came down they said: "Your mountain is terrible, it is far more difficult than anything in Switzerland."—*A courier's opinion.*

The proper way to ascend Etna is to start from Nicolosi on a mule at 10 A.M., to let the mule carry you to the Observatory, a thousand feet below the summit, by sunset or thereabouts, and to scramble up the last thousand feet in time for the sunrise next morning.

We knew this, and intended to do it, but owing to poor horses we only arrived at Nicolosi at noon. Two of us hurried off to the head guide to get the mules. We were a party of eight—three ladies and five men—and the guide pulled a long face. He could not let us have any mules that day. They were taking snow to Catania.

We looked at each other blankly. We had to go up that day or not at all.

We turned again to the guide. "Surely there are other mules?"

"No, signori. Ah, if you had only sent word! To-morrow, to-morrow you shall have any number of mules. But to-day, no." And he shrugged his shoulders.

"But we have seen strings of mules about. Some have just passed."

"They will not do for the mountain. They are not the mules of the Club Alpinista."

"Couldn't we have three, for the ladies?"

"Signori, it is not possible to get three."

"Two, then?"

"No, nor two."

"One?"

"I might get one."

"Very well, get one."

"I will do what I can. You are going to eat at the inn? Very good. I will send it to you, with a guide."

So we went and told our news. The party accepted the situation, had a brave lunch, and waited some little while for the mule.

Then the head guide was approached again. He said: "They are looking for the mule."

So we sauntered up the village and watched the treading of the grape. Occasionally we looked round wistfully for the mule. Time passed, and we began to think that the head guide was like Pharaoh, and did not mean to let us go. So that at last we called up a little boy, started six of the party up the mountain under his guidance, and then went to inform the head guide of what we had done. "The mule is found," he said, as we came into his courtyard. "Good. Where is it?" "Feeding." "And the guide?" "He is in his house." "Can we see him?" "Yes."

So we were introduced to our guide (who turned out to be a quiet, honest man), and a little later, to our mule, and, at something after 3 P.M., we started after the advance guard, which had waited for us a mile or two outside Nicolosi.

Once off the main street of the village we plunged ankle-deep into a fine black ash, as tiring to walk on as the dry sand of a sea-shore. For two hours we ascended steadily (with one short drop) between vines and prickly pears, figs and olives. The last grapes were being gathered, the last olives were being beaten down. In the third hour we passed through apple and pear orchards, and reached the oaks and

chestnuts, always with the same slippery black ash underfoot, and always steadily rising. In the fourth hour darkness fell. We were now above the woods, and had come on a part of the mountain-side dotted with blocks of lava and great spiky cushions of a kind of broom (*Astragalus siculus*). We continually tripped on the lava-blocks, and put our hands on the spikes of the broom. In exceptional instances we tripped on the broom and put our hands on the lava. The guide had a lantern, which indicated direction but not detail.

Between seven and eight o'clock we reached the Cantoniera, a mountain hut. Those who could eat had dinner. Those who couldn't lay down. At nine o'clock, leaving two ladies behind us, we re-started, in a bitter wind, up the monotonous ash-slope, still amongst the lava-lumps and the prickles. Far below us, on the plain, the lights of Catania and the villages glowed like phosphorus. On either hand a great shoulder of the mountain stretched away up to the stars.

For an hour we plodded on, pretty silent, the lantern dazzling ahead, the mule bringing up the rear. Sometimes the mule-boy rode; sometimes the guide; but the one lady who was left to us, she never rode. At the end of the hour five minutes' rest was called. One man dropped right down, flat on his back, and fell asleep. He had risen at 4 o'clock that morning of necessity, at 4.30 the morning before of choice, and had spent the night before that in the train. He therefore had some sleep owing to him. Moreover, he had only been able to eat a few grapes for dinner. So despite the searching wind and the frost he slept.

Then we were off again up that gentle inexorable slope. We had lost the shoulder on our left, but we still had the endless right shoulder over against us, black and hopeless. The air was

sensibly colder, and the wind was piercing. The lady's hands and feet grew cold, despite the exertion. She had had no dinner, and had had an attack of sickness. We were able to put another pair of gloves over her hands, but we had no remedy for her feet.

At eleven o'clock we rested again, and had a little half-frozen coffee. Catania still glimmered by the sea, but the lights of the villages had almost faded out. The villagers had gone to bed. We admired the simple country life.

"In one hour more we shall be there," we heard the guide say as we re-started. We glanced at the long horrible shoulder, with Orion's belt gleaming over the middle of it, and didn't believe him. We soon reached a great slope of cinders, free from lava-blocks and prickles. We were in the *Regione Deserta*—the Desert Region. The early riser was now drunken and stupid for want of sleep, and swayed a little in his walk. All of us were tired, even the lady, who nevertheless kept near the lantern, leading gallantly. The early riser lagged until the mule touched him. Whereupon he laid his hand sleepily upon his pannier, shut his eyes, and walked along dozing. How many weeks ago was it since we started? Why did we start? How long were we to go on? How long could we go on? These questions flickered about in our heavy heads.

Suddenly the cavalcade halted, and we all awoke. Except the early riser, the seeker of sunrises, who dropped on the cinders, happily asleep. The lantern had blown out. It took a long while in the lighting, as the Italian matches either would not strike or were blown out as soon as lighted. And by that time the sleeper was nearly frost-bitten, but quite comfortable. He said he understood now how pleasant it was to lie down and die in the Arc-

tie regions. The freezing was not nearly so unpleasant as the being kept awake. However, we roused him, and at last someone announced, "The Observatory!" It was just midnight.

The guide was to call us at 4 a.m. He called us at 3 in error so we practically lost one of our poor four hours of sleep. Soon after four, having had hot coffee and a few grapes, we started on the last 1000 feet.

It was still dark, and very cold. The moon hung above the eastern horizon, a wasted, famine-stricken moon, giving no light.

However, it was not long before the first indication of the coming day appeared—an almost imperceptible lightening in the far eastern sky, well above the horizon, and not widely distributed.

We could not watch the sky as closely as we wished, because of the nature of the cone, which is of lava or hardened ash at a slope of from 35 to 40 degrees, with loose cinders and clinkers on its surface. With each step there was a tendency to slip back and to fall on the hands and knees. Very often the tendency won. Progress was slow. Now and again we sat and panted, and pretended that we were entranced with the prospect. One time the eastern sky would be of the elementary red and blue as shown in cheap lithographs. Next it would be glorious with great bands of orange and yellow and burnt sienna. Then it was clear amber. To the west all was still black. The mountain divided the night from the day. Over the great slope up which we had toiled we could see the veil of night being visibly withdrawn. We feared that the sun would touch the top of the mountain before we could reach it. Day seemed so near at hand, and the top seemed so far off. But we got there at 5.30. Authorities differ as to the exact height, one stating it to be 10,874

feet and another 10,872½ feet. We were unanimous in our support of the higher figure.

We had half an hour to wait for the sun, so we caught our breath and looked around. The mountain was smoking from a thousand places upon its flanks and round the edge of the crater, but the crater itself was clear to the bottom, where were two openings like gigantic well-holes, faced with lava blocks of cyclopean masonry. The "smoke," which appears to be water-vapor impregnated with sulphur, arises from the surface at places which are warm and damp to the touch and have a whitey blue appearance like certain chemical manures. Away north was a sea of cloud. South was clear, with an oblique shadow from east to west, starting from sea-level in the east and lost high in the western darkness. We supposed it to be the earth's shadow.

And now it was nearly time for the sun to rise. We stood on the edge of the crater in the biting wind, and waited anxiously. A dense black cloud, long and narrow, lay stretched over the spot where the sun must rise. The sun rose behind it, passed it, and then the guide cried: "Guardi là!" Look there! and pointed into the west.

Far off upon the mists of the morning, at the other end of Sicily, we saw a small black triangle like the shadow of a bell-tent. It had definite sides but an indefinite base. Gradually the base drew away from the apex, down towards the earth. And then suddenly we became aware that the little triangular shadow had connected itself with the mountain, and that the purple shadow of Etna stretched all across the plain to it. The first shadow was presumably of the nature of the Brocken spectre, and could not have been seen but from the summit.

A minute or two passed and then we saw a shadow of a lighter purple to

the left of the first great triangle, and touching it. Its outer enclosing line ran from a shoulder of Etna to the apex of the great shadow. So that now we had as it were two sides of a great pyramid painted upon the floor of Sicily.

We watched this shadow drawing in as the sun rose, for a quarter of an hour, and then, having a train to catch, started down. The land below us looked like a great waste of sterile mole-hills, of a uniform light-brown color. These hills were really of moderate size and moderately fertile, but they were then bare, the crops having been gathered.

After a mouthful to eat at the Observatory we set off at a swinging pace down the great cinder slope in front of it. Three species of plants were living and flowering on the cinders. At the end of the cinders we came on the familiar black sand or ash which lasts down to the walls of Nicolosi. In half the time we took to go up we reached the Cantoniera, where we had

Temple Bar.

left the two ladies. They had not had a very good night. We did not wait long, and soon dropped down through the woods, passed the orchards, and entered upon the vineyards. At eleven o'clock we were only one hour off Nicolosi. So far we had come down without great fatigue. But now the heat of the day was come, and we were in a heavier atmosphere, and perhaps we were a little tired. That last hour was as long as any two.

Dusty and perspiring we strung out in a long line, walking sturdily enough, but speaking little. The muleboy chanted loud songs of triumph from the back of the mule. The guide looked placidly happy, and told his friends all about us with a few signs and monosyllables. We had been up. One lady had been up.

"And which was that lady?" they asked.

She stepped into Nicolosi main street at high noon, thanking God for a made road, and hoping her hair was not very untidy.

W. F. Shannon.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: MALHERBE.

The French Renaissance ended in the Classic. The fate of all that exuberance was to find order, and that creative chaos settled down to the obedience of unchanging laws. This transition, which fixed, perhaps for ever, the nature of the French tongue, is bound up with the name of Malherbe.

When what the French have entitled "the great time," when the generation of Louis XIV. looked back to find an origin for its majestic security in letters, it was in Malherbe that such an origin was discovered; he had tamed the wildness of the Renaissance, he had bent its vigor to an arrangement

and a frame; by him first were explicitly declared those rules within which all his successors were content to be narrowed. The devotion to his memory is nowhere more exalted or more typically presented than in the famous cry—*Enfin Malherbe vint.* His name carried with it a note of completion and repose.

When the romantic revival of our own time sought for one mind on which to lay the burden of its anger, one hard master or pedant who could be made responsible for the drying up of the wells, Malherbe again was found. He became the butt of their splendid ridi-

cule. He was the god of plaster that could not hear or speak or feel, but which fools had worshipped; a god easy to break to pieces. His austerity—for them without fullness—his meagre output, his solemn reiterated code of "perfect taste," moved them to a facile but intense aggression. He it was that had turned to fossil stone the living matter of the sixteenth century: He that had stifled and killed the spirit they attempted to recall.

This man so praised, so blamed, for such a quality, was yet exactly, year for year, the contemporary of Shakespeare, born earlier and dying later. No better example could be discovered of the contrast between the French and English tempers.

The Romantics, I say, believed that they had destroyed Malherbe and left the Classic a ruined, antiquated thing. They were in error. Victor Hugo himself, the leader, who most believed the Classic to have become isolated and past, was yet, in spite of himself, constrained by it. Lamartine lived in it. After all the fantastic vagaries of mystics and realists and the rest, it is ruling to-day with increasing power, returning as the permanent religion, the permanent policy, of the nation—returning after a century of astounding adventures: for the Classic has in it something necessary to the character of the French people.

Consider what the Classic is and why all mighty civilizations have demanded and obtained some such hard, permanent and, as it were, sacred vehicle for the expression of their maturity.

Nations that have a long continuous memory of their own past, nations especially whose gods have suffered transformation, but never death, develop the somewhat unelastic wisdom of men in old age. They mistrust the taste of the moment. They know that things quite fresh and violent seem at first greater than they are: that such

enthusiasm forms no lasting legacy for posterity. Their very ancient tradition gives them a thirst for whatever shall certainly remain. The rigid Classic satisfies that need.

Again, you will discover that those whose energy is too abundant seek for themselves by an instinct the necessary confines without which such energy is wasted—and wasted the more from its excess. They canalize of themselves, a torrent which, undisciplined, would serve but to destroy. Such an instinct is apparent in every department of French life. To their jurisprudence the French have ever attempted to attach a code, to their politics the stone walls of a Constitution, or, at the least, of a fundamental theory. Their theology from Athanasius through St. Germanus to the modern strict defence against all "liberals" has glorified the unchanging. Every outburst of the interior fires in the history of Gaul has been followed by a rapid, plastic action which reduced to human use what might otherwise have crystallized into an amorphous lava. So the wild freedom of the twelfth century, was captured to form the Monarchy, the University, the full Gothic of the thirteenth: so the Revolution permitted Napoleon and produced, not the visionary unstable grandeur of the Gironde, but the schools and laws and roads and set government we see to-day. So the spring storms of the Renaissance settled, I say, into that steady summer of stable form which has now for three hundred years dominated the literature of the country.

Caught on with this aspect of energy producing the Classic is the truth that energy alone can dare to be classical. Where the great currents of the soul run feebly a perpetual acceleration, whether by novelty or by extravagance, will be demanded; where they run full and heavy, then, under the restraint of form, they will but run

more proudly and more strong. It is the failing of life that fears hard rules in verse and may not feel the level classics of our Europe. Their rigidity is not that of marble; they are not dead. A human acquaintance with their sobriety soon fills us as we read. If we lie in the way of the giants who conceived them, re-reading and further knowledge—even a deeper experience of things about him—reveal to us the steadfast life of these images; the eyes open, the lips might almost move; the statue descends and lives.

The man who imposed design and authority and unity upon the letters of his country, and who so closed the epoch with which I have been dealing, was singularly suited to his task. Observant, something of a stoic, uninspired, courageous, witty, a soldier, lucid, critical of method alone, he corresponded to the movement which, all around him, was ushering in the Bourbons: the hardening of Goujon's and de l'Orme's luxuriance into the conventions of the great colonnades and the sombre immensity of the new palaces; the return of one national faith in a people weary of so many wars; the mistrust of an ill-ordered squirearchy; the firm founding of a central government.

He was Norman. Right of that north whence the vigor, though not the inspiration, of the Renaissance had proceeded, and into which it returned. Caen gave him birth, and still remembers him. Normans still edit his works—and dedicate these books to the town which also bred Corneille. Norman, learned with that restrained but vigorous learning of the province, he was also of the province in his blood, for he came of one of those fixed families whose heads held great estates all round Falaise, and whose cadets branched off into chances abroad: Boceton, in Kent, was long "Bocton-Malherbe."

He was poor. His father, who held one of those magistracies which the smaller nobility bought or inherited, had not known where to turn in the tumult of the central century. In a moment of distress he called himself Huguenot when that party seemed to triumph, and Malherbe in anger went down south, a boy of nineteen, and fought as a soldier—but chiefly duels; for he loved that sport. He lay under a kind of protection from the great Catholic houses, but still poor, till in 1601—he was a man of forty-six—Henri IV. heard of him. In all these years he had worked at the rule of poetry like an artisan thinking of nothing else, not even of fame. Those who surrounded him took it for granted that he was a master critic—a sort of judge without appeal, but it was a very little provincial circle surrounding a very unimportant house in Provence. So, careless it seems of everything except that "form of language" which was with him a passion like the academic or theological passions, he was astonished on coming to Paris in 1605 to discover how suited such a pre-occupation was to such a time, and how rapidly he became the first name in contemporary letters. Of men who poured out verse the age was satiated; of men who could seize the language at this turn in its fortune, fix it and give it rules, the age had no knowledge till he came. It seized upon him, and insisted upon making him a master.

A full twenty years from 1607 he governed the transformation, not of thought, for that he little changed, but of method and of expression. He decided what should be called the typical metres, the alternative of feminine and masculine in verse, the order of emphasis, the proportion of inversion tolerable, the propriety, the modernity, the archaism of words. It is a function to our time meaningless and futile: to such a period as that indispensable

and even noble. He interpreted and published the national sentiment upon that major thing, the architecture of letters.

The creative power of his mind, tortured and insufficient in actual production, was supreme in putting forth clearly and finally that criticism which ran as an unspoken and obscure current of opinion in the mind of his age. This was his glory, and it was real.

His dryness was extraordinary. In a life of seventy-two years, during which he wrote and erased incessantly, he, the poet, wrote just so much verse as will fill in large type a little pocket volume of 250 pages; to be accurate forty-three lines a year. Of this scraper and pumicestone in the mind a better example than his verse is to be found in his letters. A number remain. They would seem to be written by two different men! Half a dozen are models of that language he adored—they cost him, to our knowledge, many days—the rest are slipshod notes that any man might write, for he thought they would not survive, and, indeed, the majority of his editors have had the piety to suppress them.

No one will understand Malherbe who only hears of how, like a dusty workman, he cut and polished, and so fixed the new jewel of letters. In our less happy age the academic spirit is necessarily associated with a lethargic stupidity. In his it was not so. His force, by which this work was carried through, lay in a character of penetration. His face expresses it. His very keen and ready eyes, his high lifted brow, his sharp nose, and the few active lines of his cheek and forehead, the poise of his head, the disdain of his firm mouth, all build him back alive for us. His talk, which stammered in its volubility, was incessant and varied; his temper ready; his bodily command of gesture and definition

perfect in old age: he was of good metal all those years.

Of his intense Toryism, his vivacity, his love of arms, his tenacity of perception, Racan gives us in his life an admirable picture. Just before he died his son was killed in a duel—he, at seventy-two, desired evidently to kill his adversary. "Gambling," he said, "my pence of life against the gold of his twenty-five years." He had wit, and he hated well-hating men after death:—

Here richly with ridiculous display
Killed by excess was Wormwood laid
away,
While all of his acquaintance sneered
and slanged
I wept: for I had longed to see him
hanged.

His zeal for his tongue was real. As he lay upon his deathbed making his confession after so vigorous a life, he heard his nurse say something to herself which sounded ungrammatical and, turning round from the priest, he put her right in a manner most violent and sudden. His confessor, startled, said: "The time is not relevant." "All times are relevant!" he answered, sinking back. "I will defend with my last breath the purity and grandeur of the French tongue."

To such a man the meaning of the solution at which his people had arrived after a century of civil war lay, above all, in their ancient religion. On that converged those deeper and more permanent things in his soul of which even his patriotism and his literary zeal were but the surface. In the expression of that final solution his verse, which was hardly that of a poet, rises high into poetry; under the heat and pressure of his faith single lines here and there have crystallized into diamonds. By far the most vigorous of so many frigid odes is the battle cry addressed by him in old age to Louis XIII. setting out against La Rochelle.

He visited that siege, but had the misfortune to die a bare week before the fall of the city. The most powerful of his sonnets, or rather the only powerful one, is that in which he calls to Our Lord for vengeance against the men who killed his son. Catholicism in its every effect, political and personal, as it were literary too, possessed the man, so that in ending the types of the French Renaissance with him you see how the terms in which ultimately the French express themselves are and will remain religious. The last two

The Pilot.

lines of his most famous and most Catholic poem have about them just that noise which saves them, in spite of their too simple words, from falling into the vulgar commonplace of vague and creedless men. In writing them down one seems to be writing down the fate of the great century now tamed, alas! and ordered, as must be the violence of over-human things:—

*Vouloir ce que Dieu veut est la seule
Science*

Qui vous met en repos.

Hilaire Belloc.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The authorized biography of Cardinal Vaughan will be written by his kinsman, Mr. J. G. Snead Cox, editor of the London *Tablet*.

The articles on Pope Leo XIII. in *The Quarterly Review*, which *The Living Age* has reprinted, are written by Mr. Richard Bagot.

Mr. Orme Angus is revising the proofs of his next novel which, like the preceding volume from his pen, will be a story of peasant life in Dorset.

Mommsen's works would form almost an entire library. A catalogue of them, according to *The Academy*, would contain more than one thousand titles.

A copy of the extremely rare first edition of Whitefield's "Hymns," 1753, of which there is no example in the British Museum, has just been sold in London for \$1,000. The purchaser was an American.

M. Georges Brandes is writing a History of Modern Danish-Norwegian Literature, the date of the publication of which has not yet been fixed. He is himself one of the most voluminous contributors to that literature, as the issue of his complete works in Danish, which is now in progress, will extend to thirty-four volumes.

Writing of "Lord Beaconsfield's Novels" in *The Monthly Review*, Lord Idesleigh concludes:

"I have been informed, on what I conceive to be good authority, that it was Lord Beaconsfield's daily custom to devote some of the early hours of the morning, through which most of us sleep, to the study of the Bible and the literature of the Bible."

Two Germans, F. K. Gerden and H. Heiseler, whose courage seems more admirable than their discretion, have undertaken to translate four works of Robert Browning into German. The works chosen are "Pippa Passes," which appears in the German version as "Pippa geht vorueber," "In a Bal-

cony," "Paracelsus," and "A Soul's Tragedy."

The new British Ambassador at Washington is an author. His works include a book on "Central India in 1857" (1876), an edition, with a memoir, of his father's work on "The First Afghan War" (1879), a life of his father (Sir H. Marion Durand) (1883), and a novel entitled "Helen Treveryan, or The Ruling Race," in three volumes (1892). This last was published under the pseudonym of "John Roy."

Mr. John Buchan's long silence is explained by the fact that he has spent two years under Lord Milner in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, in some official capacity. He is about to publish "The African Colonies: Studies in the Reconstruction." The volume is divided into three parts, the first consisting of historical studies, the second of descriptive sketches of the new colonies, and the third being an analysis of the different problems before the country.

It is the romance of an American girl in Italy which Margaret Sherwood describes in her slender volume called "Daphne: An Autumn Pastoral," and even those readers who find tact and fancy too daringly blended for their taste will admit the charm. The girl herself is pliantly drawn: the central situation arrests attention at once; the Italian servants add an element of subdued comedy; and the dream-like atmosphere in which the fantastic plot develops has an undeniable fascination. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A slight but pleasing romance of Louisiana in the days of the old French régime is Mrs. M. E. M. Davis's "The Little Chevalier." Its hero is a gallant young courtier who crosses the

ocean to avenge the death of his father, in a duel, years earlier, only to find his enemy dead and the heir to his vengeance a stripling quite unworthy of his steel, but, as the event proves, a match for it. A pretty sister complicates the situation; Indian outbreaks intervene; and the question of identity which intensifies the interest of the plot is not solved till the last chapter. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In "George Washington Jones: A Christmas Gift That Went A-Begging," Ruth McEnery Stuart describes with characteristic mingling of pathos and humor, the adventures of a friendless little darky whose imagination has been fired by his grandfather's reminiscences of the old days, and who aspires to become a Christmas gift to some fair young mistress. The story of his quest will charm older readers than those for whom it was written, and the Henry Altemus Co. present it in attractive form. The same firm add another to their always tempting list of juveniles in a slender volume from Kate Douglas Wiggin's facile pen, called "Half-A-Dozen Housekeepers," with illustrations in color which will make it doubly delightful to just such girls as it describes.

Mr. William Henry Johnson, whose volume on "The World's Discoverers," published two or three years ago, won deserved praise for its graphic and accurate retelling of the old stories of adventure, is the author of a volume of similar purpose on "Pioneer Spaniards in North America" (Little, Brown & Co.). Here, in a series of sketches, prepared from a conscientious study of the best authorities, is told the story of the achievements of Ojeda, Americus Vespuclius, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Cortes, Coronado, and other heroes of the time when Spain led the way in opening up the unknown regions of this

continent. Mr. Johnson knows how to be simple and lucid without being condescending, which is a happy knack for one who writes primarily for young people. His book is wholesome and stimulating, and the publishers present it attractively, with numerous illustrations.

Hinds & Noble publish a new and enlarged edition, the third, of Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell's "The Worth of Words." This is a useful and pungent mentor regarding the right and wrong use of words, convenient in its arrangement, usually just in its criticisms, and well calculated to promote the use of better English in writing and speaking. But why do word-critics so easily lose their tempers? Why should Dr. Bell, for example, permit himself, in his appendix, to speak of certain critics of the earlier editions of his book as "intellectual scrubs" who are always distinguishable by earmarks which no amount of vanity may hide" and to remind them that "a bray is seldom mistaken for the voice of wisdom"? Fie, Dr. Bell; gentler words are more becoming.

The novel of finance seems steadily gaining in favor, and a really noticeable addition to the list is made by Neith Boyce in "The Forerunner." Its hero is a vigorous, alert young newspaper man of Vermont traditions and Illinois training, caught in the collapse of a California real-estate boom just after his marriage to a crude, self-centred beauty of extravagant tastes, and the separation between them necessitated by his effort to retrieve their fortunes in a mining venture, together with the new ties formed by the wife during the months which they spend in New York in quest of capital to develop the property, furnishes the emotional interest of the plot. Both the central figures are strikingly drawn:

the descriptive passages are vivid and picturesque: the action is rapid and stirring: and the whole story, whether considered as a study of character or circumstance, is of unusual power. Fox, Duffield & Co.

The responsibility of the individual for the social order is the problem at the heart of Miss Vida D. Scudder's thoughtful, earnest and brilliant study, "A Listener in Babel." The narrative interest in the story is purposely subordinated, but the heroine, a woman of wealth, culture, talent and individuality, is drawn with sufficient clearness to give point to her opinions on philanthropic and economic questions as seen from the midst of "college settlement" work. The assimilation of our foreign element, the relief of poverty and the so-called improvidence of the poor, the attitude of institutions of learning toward endowments offered with hampering conditions or from questionable sources, the relation of the church to the masses, and many other vexed topics of the day are discussed with a candor and enthusiasm which are inspiring and stimulating, even when they fail to convince. The plea of the labor-leader for the sympathetic strike, in particular, is a very strong piece of writing. The season will not bring many books so well worth reading. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A year or more ago Professor George H. Palmer published a volume entitled "The Field of Ethics," in which he attempted to define the place of ethics among the sciences. Now, building upon that as upon a foundation, he presents a discussion of "The Nature of Goodness," which is perhaps the most vital and fundamental problem of ethics. The two books are thus related, although each is of independent interest. In the later volume, he

considers first the essential characteristics of goodness as predicated of things, and then considers and dismisses certain misconceptions of goodness. He finds the differences which separate persons from things to be four,—self-consciousness, self-direction, self-development and self-sacrifice, sets forth the apparent conflict between Nature and spirit as the director of conduct, and argues that goodness reaches its highest stage only as it becomes the habit of life. The book is of moderate compass, closely reasoned, but so clear and forceful in style as to be readily comprehended by readers who are not accustomed to going far afield in philosophy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The sub-title of Mr. Patterson Dubois's little book on "Fireside Child Study,"—"the art of being fair and kind,"—sufficiently indicates the ground of its appeal; and the key-note of the book is struck in the first sentence of the "Foreword,"—"We do not need to dance attendance on the psychological laboratory before we can practise the art of being fair to the children of our own firesides." There will be those who will think that the rights of parents and of older people in general receive but scant consideration at Mr. Dubois's hands, but then, parents and other older people are better qualified to defend themselves than children are. The suggestions, admonitions and experiences contained in this little volume will give an unpleasant quarter of an hour to parents of over-hasty temper who happen to read them; but the book will do good just so far as it helps older people to put themselves for a little at the child's point of view, and see how questions of conduct there

present themselves. Few influences are so warping to a child's nature as a well-grounded sense of injustice at the hands of its elders. This can hardly be avoided unless a parent or teacher learns to discriminate between his own unevenness of temper, and intentional iniquity on the part of a child. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Lyman Abbott's "Henry Ward Beecher" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is less a formal biography than an interpretation. It is based on intimate personal acquaintance, for Dr. Abbott was associated with Mr. Beecher in the editorship of "The Christian Union" and in other ways; and it is the product of personal love and loyalty, for the impulse which in his youth turned Dr. Abbott from the law to the ministry and which led him to reconstruct his theology came from Mr. Beecher's preaching. Written though it is sixteen years after Mr. Beecher's death, and thirty years after the deplorable moral tragedy which shadowed the later years of Mr. Beecher's activity, the personal note in it is dominant. It presents a vivid picture of Mr. Beecher as a great preacher, and a great social, political and religious force; and it presents with sufficient fulness yet without tedious detail the leading incidents of his life, and his large and varied activities. And the conclusion of it is this: "He was a good man and a great one. Not without errors. Not without faults. But in his love for God and his love for his fellow men a good man; in his interpretation of the nature of God and the duty of man to God and to his fellow men a great man, with a clearness of vision and a courage in application which not many of us attain."

THEY AND WE.

With stormy joy, from height on height,
The thundering torrents leap.
The mountain tops, with still delight,
Their great inaction keep.

Man only, irked by calm, and rent
By each emotion's throes,
Neither in passion finds content,
Nor finds it in repose.

William Watson.

THE PALACE OF SLEEP.

Now let me rest awhile, or I shall weep;
The air is heavy, and my eyelids close.
This is the Palace of the God of Sleep,
This is the Court of peace and sweet repose.

Above the door there hangs a nodding rose;
The scattered petals hanging in a heap,
Make sweet the idle wind that o'er them blows:
Now let me rest awhile, or I shall weep.

Across the threshold I can scarcely creep,
At every step more potent slumber grows;
I hardly know which path I ought to keep;
The air is heavy, and mine eyelids close.

Around the court a thousand poppies doze,
Their subtle odors my dulled senses steep.
Forgotten be past pleasures and old woes!
This is the Palace of the God of Sleep.

The birds sing low: they softly pipe and cheep
Sweet notes that drowsy harmonies disclose;
Faint hints of dreams across my tired brain sweep—
This is the Court of peace and sweet repose.

Now let me rest indeed; for no man knows,
Save I, how calm shall be my slumber deep:
No thought distracting here can interpose,
None can disturb, nor prying eye can peep.

Now let me rest.
Maria S. Stewart.

Pall Mall Magazine.

GOOD-NIGHT.

The clock ticks loudly, but the house is still,
The wind moans softly in the chimney groove:
Loose leaves at rest upon the window sill
Stir whisperingly, so fairy-folk might move.
Clouds cover up the moon, the west gleams white,
Good-night, Dear heart, Good-night!

All day there has been darkness in my heart,
All day without you, oh the long gray hours!
To think how very far we are apart,
To think some ways are all set thick with flowers,
When our ways wend so sad and void of light,
Good-night, Dear heart, Good-night!

Olive Custance.

TRUTH FINDS GRASS OUTSIDE THY PADDOCK.

Pray God to keep thee from a narrow soul,
And its dear mate, a controversial mind:
Of all the things that melt, subdue, console,
Lo, these have tossed the heart upon the wind:
They feed on husks, and go content and fed,
And gather dust to make the living bread.

Frederick Langbridge.